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GREAT CANADIAN PREACHING

EDITED BY W. HAROLD YOUNG

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GREAT CANADIAN PREACHING

Edited With Introduction and Biographical Notes by

W. HAROLD YOUNG

M.A., B.D.

MINISTER OF ST. PAUL'S UNITED CHURCH, TORONTO

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GREAT CANADIAN PREACHING
— A —
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FOREWORD

The sermons in this volume can surely be taken as a fair index of the message of the Canadian pulpit to the harassed minds and hearts of men to-day. Those who speak herein are recognized leaders in the church life of our country. While, of course, no single volume could contain the voices of all who might justifiably claim a place within its covers, yet it may without question be said that no list of the great preachers of the present day in Canada could be drawn up from which a single name in this book could be omitted. The voices of this volume, too, speak as representatives of all shades of opinion. Denominational lines have been only slightly remembered in the selection of the contributors, nor have the interests of any school of thought been largely considered. East and West both find representation in its pages, and conservative and liberal in theological thought stand side by side.

Is it, then, too much to suggest that an examination of the following sermons may give some answer to a question often propounded,—the question as to the word which the Canadian Church of the present has to speak. In a little group of men gathered on the verandah of a golf club last spring the assertion was made that more people attended

the services of the various churches in Toronto on Easter Sunday of this year than ever had attended services in a single day previously in the history of the city. To which one cynic made reply,—"I wonder if what they heard in the pulpits made the effort of going seem worth while." It was but a single instance of the question so often discussed as to what gospel the churches are proclaiming, and whether or not their gospel is meeting the problems which men in the heat of the struggle are forced, willy-nilly, to face.

The merest glance at the sermons in this book is enough to reveal certain broad characteristics, manifested in great measure by all of them, that may fairly be taken as marks of the preaching which, speaking in the large, is being given in our churches to-day. To begin with, one is impressed as he reads these sermons with the fact that they are filled with emphasis on the very things which reactionary alarmists are continually telling us are being forgotten, the primary essentials of the Christian faith. The adequacy of the salvation of Jesus Christ, the unique authority of the Bible, the primary importance of spiritual values, the clarion call to right living with and for God,—such things as these are found on every page, and there is no lack of certainty in the way in which they are proclaimed. To be sure, they are interpreted in the language of our day, and it is evident that the men who speak are no enemies to the steady and progressive adjustment

of our modes of thought to the ever-widening horizons of man's understanding. One cannot imagine the people who listen to sermons such as these having much patience with such patent farces as that enacted in Tennessee. This preaching is of the enlightening kind that hopefully endeavors to translate the real fundamentals of faith into the categories of everyday thinking and living. Without cherishing the illusion that Mount Olympus can be bodily transferred to a city backyard, these preachers are convinced that divine influences and facts can be introduced into the ordinary situations of ordinary lives, and they have resolutely set themselves to speed the work of getting it done. To them God is not, in Carlyle's biting phrase, one who "sits on the hills since the first sabbath, careless of mankind." To them God and the things of God are throbbing, pulsing realities of everyday life, and their task is to make men realize that it is so. Small comfort here for those who insist that the church is underemphasizing the fundamental realities of the faith once delivered to the saints, and dealing only with abstractions with which the average man has little concern!

A second feature marking these sermons is their breadth and inclusiveness. There is little trace of the "me and my son John" type of religion in them. Parochial outlook and narrow thinking have been left far behind, and the preachers have a larger aim than to serve the interests of any sect or group. It

is almost as if each of them had unconsciously adopted as his motto the cry of John Wesley, "The world is my parish," and had set about to place his message against the background of universal need. Two fields of study have obviously engaged the attention of the preachers. First they have explored the "unsearchable riches of Christ" until the limitless resources of the Gospel have been, to the measure of their ability to comprehend, laid bare to their eyes. Then they have studied the problems of human hearts and of the complex tangle of human life to-day, until they have seen where the two can be related and how the sufficiency of the Gospel can be brought to bear on the living of men. The message they proclaim is no mere message of individual blessing and safety: it throbs with the conviction that the Kingdom reaches into every human relationship. Surely sermons such as these are typical of that in which the hope of the church and the world today most lies,—the growing conception of religion as a force that leaps over all the barriers of race and clan and color and creed as a vital agency through which the new day of fellowship and human brotherhood may be brought to the dawning.

A third note, which cannot escape even a superficial reader of these pages, is that of a vital faith in the future. There is small trace here of either a sentimental idealizing of the past or a dismal pessimism as to the inevitable outcome of the present

trend of human affairs. To be sure there is no easy complacency, no attempt to close the eyes to the unmistakable seriousness of the problems which confront humanity. On every page is the evidence that these preachers are keenly aware of the clouds which darken the sky and have heard the ominous muttering of thunders that may not be so distant as the easygoing would bid us believe. Humanity is thought of, not as treading a garden path, but as scaling the heights of a rocky mountain, on the steep sides of which each upward step is won only by vigilance and struggle. But along with that there is a sublime faith, that in the long run, the path leads upward, and that there are better things ahead if we but have the courage and the staying-power to win them. One reads these sermons to be reminded of the Pioneer in Kipling's poem who, amid all the attractions of the present, kept hearing

"A voice as clear as conscience rings interminable changes
On one everlasting whisper, day and night repeated, so,—
Something out there, something hidden, go and look beyond the ranges,
Something lost beyond the ranges, lost and waiting for you, go."

With the insistence of some such voice in their ears, these men have come back to urge their fellows on to still greater effort, that the golden future may

be won, and humanity attain at long last "the plains of peace."

While preachers preach, their hearers will likely find ample room for discussion in the age-old question as to what makes great preaching. Without doubt the personality of the preacher will always be recognized as having a good deal to do with the attainment of pulpit greatness. Most of us have heard some one man at least whose personality was such that, if he merely said from the pulpit that two and two made four, we went out to life again with a new zest and a little finer spirit. But when the factor of personality has been given its full place, it still remains true that, in the majority of cases, the greatness of the message itself must be reckoned as an integral part of the greatness of preaching, and in no previous day has this been more the case than in the day in which we live. To any who might care to discuss the subject further, the suggestion is advanced that there can be no great preaching without the presence of the characteristics just noted as marking these sermons, and that, given a reasonable amount of personality, the presence of these characteristics is enough to make preaching great. If one has rightly caught the spirit of the preachers of Canada to-day, this is the kind of gospel they are striving to proclaim, as a merciful Providence grants them grace and gifts,—the emphasis on the fundamental verities of the Faith in terms of everyday thought and life, the application of Christian prin-

ciples and the Christian spirit to every phase of individual and social living, and the ringing faith in a golden future of which in its fullness only God has dared to dream, and to win which it is our divinest privilege to strive. So long as human life remains what it is, there will always be abundant room for preaching marked by this kind of greatness, and in the hope that it may be of some help to those who would see and speak the vital Christian message with greater clearness, and so make that greatness in larger measure their own, this little volume is offered.

W. Harold Young.

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Avenue Road
Toronto.

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I

FAITH

Richard Roberts
D.D.

The pulpit of the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, has always been regarded as one of the thrones of power in our Canadian religious life. Occupied by Richard Roberts, it has become one of the outstanding pulpits of the Christian world. It is not too much to describe Dr. Roberts as a world figure. As a preacher, his work in London and New York had already established his claim to such a place before he came to Canada. As an author, his gifts have been abundantly evidenced in such volumes as the anonymously published *The Papers of John Pererin* and *The Untried Door.* His most recent book, *The Gospel at Corinth* is a volume over the large tolerance and generous sympathies of which one delights to linger. As a courageous idealist, his fearless championship of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in days when such championship was none too popular stamped him as the type of leader men are proud to follow.

The present sermon reveals many of the qualities which mark his preaching. Its keen insight, broad sympathies, and clear understanding of the problems of present-day life, on the side of the spirit, coupled with its limpid English and forceful epigram, on the side of the letter, are typical of the man and his work. The presence of Dr. Roberts in Canadian life is bound to be a vital stimulus to the living of all who take seriously the things of the Spirit, and to none more than to the ministers who are honestly endeavoring to translate the Gospel of Christ into terms of current thought and action.

I

FAITH *

RICHARD ROBERTS, D.D.,
AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (UNITED), MONTREAL

Hebrews xi:1. "*Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.*"

I

Our writer has at last reached untroubled waters; and his course is now plain sailing. He has finished with his elaborate analogies; and his argument becomes appeal. The appeal is the one which has again and again broken through the thread of his argument—the appeal to faithfulness; and as we have had occasion to see, his readers had much need to be stirred up to the exercise of this grace. The events amid which they were living were putting a heavy strain upon their loyalty. And now in order to clinch his argument, our writer makes a lengthy and detailed appeal to the history of his race; and in doing so, he unwittingly offers us what nowadays we should call a philosophy of history.

* This sermon was preached in the course of a serial interpretation of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

It is not easy to make sense of human history; on the face of it, it appears a wilderness of cross-purposes, a maze of incongruous movements; and it is not easy—indeed without undue straining it is impossible—to reduce it into a single self-consistent whole and to say that its final meaning is in this one thing or in that. There appears to be in it no principle of unity, no very visible pattern or method; and it would be idle to pretend that we have yet discovered a clue or a point of view which enables us to say confidently what it means as a whole or to foretell whither it tends. There have been many attempts to make a comprehensive interpretation of history; but there is none which can be judged successful. Karl Marx gave us an economic or materialistic interpretation of history; and this obviously covers a large part of the ground. There is much human history which has been determined by the economic motive,—which is at bottom nothing more than the search for food. But man has sought for other things than food; and there is a good deal of history which has been governed by the desire for less palpable goods. For the history of mankind includes the history of its thought, its art and its religion; and this history has often been made in entire disregard and contempt of the economic motive. St. Augustine, who is credited with being the first to develop a philosophy of history, saw it as the interaction of two impulses,—his 'earthly city' being the creation of the economic and material

need of man; and his 'city of God' the expression of the spiritual destiny and effort of man. Perhaps we can as yet go no farther than St. Augustine went. Man must have bread and so his history will still be influenced by his economic need; but as man does not live by bread alone, his history will always be influenced by the need for bread of another kind. There will be an invincible dualism in any attempt to interpret the course of human affairs. Perhaps some day we may be able to overcome this dualism; and history may yield us a single self-consistent story. But that day is not yet; and before it comes, we shall have to resolve the incurable dualism of our own lives.

Meantime, our writer is here to tell us how much history has been made by faith; and he has a very impressive story to tell. At times in his eagerness to make his point, he lands himself in indefensible positions. I find it difficult to place the harlot Rahab among the heroes of faith. Foresight and cunning she no doubt had; but that she helped the historical fortunes of Israel by an act of treachery to her own people hardly entitles her to a place with the saints. Our writer is at times more generous in his judgments than a candid moral realism would allow; but in general he makes out his case. He tells us a story of magnificent recklessness—of men who burnt their boats in an adventure into the unknown, of men who threw away their secular chances because they had heard a rumour of some

invisible good and could not silence it; of men who took incredible risks and endured indescribable hardships in obedience to a call of which they could give no rational account; of men who sacrificed their lives in the service of a hope to which they could not give a name. And he explains this wild and improvident behaviour by saying that it was faith that drove them to it.

II

Now, this Chapter has been called the Westminster Abbey of the Bible; but if we were quite honest, we should call it a gallery of fools. For to be quite frank about it, we do not approve of or believe in that kind of thing. If one of our children threatens to develop too absorbing a taste for (say) music, we feel obliged to take it upon ourselves to discourage it. We prefer to see him established in some stable and respectable business with a secure position and a steady income. Then let him indulge his musical whims as much as he likes. But to go out to face the world with only a voice or a fiddle—that is too much. Music as a pastime out of business hours is well enough, but to make music a life—oh no, not at all. Or religion either for that matter. It is very well for a man to be religious; to go to church and to become an office-bearer and all that. But there is a limit to these things. The ministry and the mission field are all right for those

incompetent and dull-witted people who have no ambition or no competency for business. It is hardly a man's job anyway; and the income is usually contemptible. Because we find them in the Scriptures, we pay some sort of respect to the foolhardiness of Abraham who went out not knowing whither he went simply because a still small voice within him told him to go; and we profess to admire the rank improvidence of Moses who exchanged the court of Pharaoh for the wilderness of Sinai because of a disturbing intuition that he could not still. But we have very little mercy upon our own flesh and blood or our friends and neighbours when they contract a touch of this same trouble. We say that they have lost their heads.

But what if instead of losing their heads the truth be that they have newly found them and that we with our stodgy worldly-wisdom are the real blockheads of the piece? What if the Don Quixotes are after all the really sensible people—the people who cry at the moon, who go about with their heads in the air, who talk at windmills, and specialise on forlorn hopes? It depends, of course, upon what we think is the nature of reality. If self-preservation, security, comfort, immediate power and their like are the real goods of life, then the prophet, the poet and the martyr are the victims of a hallucination. They may think they have seen the invisible—but they are mistaken. They have seen what is not there, whether visible or invisible;

and our admiration of them is misplaced. They should be discouraged; and if they cannot be discouraged, they should be placed where they cannot unsettle the sensitive mind of youth. Their books should be burned; and the Bible should be chained up and not be put in the hands of children. It may turn them into happy vagabonds when they should be getting on in the world. . . . . But what if the crock of gold do lie after all not down town but at the end of the rainbow? It might be well for us to consider Moses again, and Saint Francis and George Fox and other happy vagabonds of the Spirit, but we with our industrious respectability, our place in the sun and our eye for the main chance may be disastrously missing the kingdom and the power and the glory. And if you ask me whether we cannot have it both ways,—what answer can I give but to remind you of the miserable story of the man who tried to sit on two stools? If the Bible be true,—then there is only one philosophy of life; and it is this:

If thou hast squandered years to grave a gem
Commissioned by thine absent Lord;
And while 'tis incomplete
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them
Dismiss them to the street.

There is only one Crock of Gold and that is hidden with Christ in God.

III

Now, faith means simply being sure of the Crock of Gold and living accordingly. Faith, says our writer, is 'assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.' It is the intuition of other-worldliness, the confidence that reality lies at the back of the North Wind, and living in that confidence. Things as they are are not the last word of God; there is something more, something beyond,—

"Beyond the back of the outmost star and farther than ever star dust swirls." There is a Father's house at the end of our Odyssey; there is a City whose maker and builder is God, at the end of our pilgrimage; there is a King who will ask for an accounting at the end of the day; there is an ultimate justice which will vindicate the saints; there is a throne and a crown of life for the faithful warrior; over there—beyond the bound of the waste,—there is Something, some End, some Culmination that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and all we may say is that we have heard a rumour thereof. Faith is living on the strength of that rumour. It is to believe that there is a kingdom and a glory which makes the struggle worth sustaining, that will gather up the broken ends of life, resolve its confusions and show that beneath its tangles and conflicts there was sense and an increasing purpose. It is to believe that the universe means good and means it intensely;

it is to believe that life is not meaningless and illusory, that it is the threshold of some transcendent glory that is hereafter to be revealed in us; it is to believe all this and to live for it. The late Canon Barnett once said caustically—and perhaps with less than his usual justice—that the modern Jew is Jacob without the ladder: and he might have extended the saying to the modern Gentile with equal justice. The average man everywhere is Jacob without the ladder; and faith is life on the ladder. Faith is life on the wing; faith is life on the path which the falcon's eye hath not seen; faith is burning your boats and greeting the unseen with a cheer. . . . . The man of faith is God's vagabond who belongs to a country he has never seen but is forever seeking.

But though the man of faith have his head among the stars, his feet are on the ground. Our writer's men of faith are chiefly men of action,—Noah the shipbuilder, Abraham the adventurer, Moses the liberator, and Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthae, doers, to a man. There are no pensive mystics here, —unless Enoch be one; no quietists, no pietists; but doers and pioneers, captains and fighters. Not that faith may not have its brooders, its passive saints; they have their place,—"They also serve who only stand and wait." But our writer is nerving his friends for action and endurance; and so it is Abraham who serves his turn, Abraham who staked his life on a dream, Moses at the head of the exodus, Gideon and his troop,—men who made history but

who made it by faith. Here is the standing confutation of those who suppose faith to be a way of escape from the world, of withdrawal from its hurly-burly: or who divide life into two closed compartments and tell us that religion has nothing to do with politics or with business. These were men in whom faith was a principle of action, a practical energy in affairs, who transacted their politics and business as matters of faith, looking beyond the action to some invisible conclusion. This chapter may be spoken of as the chronicle of men who tried to introduce the strategy of eternity into the affairs of time; and we might be none the worse for a little of that kind of thing in our public affairs to-day. Our modern politics are the politics of Egypt, the politics of treasures and fleshpots, the economic aims and experiences of secularity; and everywhere they are proving themselves insolvent. The world presents no spectacle of unreality and ineptitude comparable to the performances and exploits of the politicians and the statesmen; and until a renewed faith in the spiritual destiny of this nation restores a right proportion into public affairs, the Canadian people will look in vain for their Promised Land. So long as we go on accepting the view of public affairs as being concerned chiefly with bellies and moneybags, so long shall we be shut out of even the forecourt of the City of God.

IV

It would be a fascinating exercise to bring this chapter up to date, adding to it the Francises, the Raymond Lulls, the George Foxes, the William Careys, who defied the comfortable logic of secularity, burned their boats and made the grand acceptance of faith; men, in high life and lowly, who have accounted the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, the dispatch riders who faced the firing squad rather than betray their dispatches; the business man who forfeits a gain rather than repudiate a conviction; the man who suffers contumely and persecution for conscience' sake; the men who have set before them an ideal, an end that they have not seen and for its sake have foregone the prizes they could see and might have won: the man who lives for the imponderable things, the unmarketable goods of life,—Duty and Love, Purity and Beauty, the Holy Grail and the Crock of Gold and the Beloved Community, and who have achieved that divine disinterestedness which is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory of God. Nay, but it might be the very saving of our souls if we spent a meditative Sunday afternoon in thinking of the men of whom we have read or whom we have known who have earned a title to a place in this gallery of God's Don Quixotes; for things are not well with us if we have not in us still a strain how-

ever faint of that divine recklessness, if we have grown wholly incapable of doing a mad thing for the love of God. You can, if you choose, give yourself airs and talk with an affectation of good-natured contempt of the missionary, the dreamer, the idealist, those wild improvident children chasing the rainbow; but you had dreams once, and where are they now? And what will you answer when God asks you what became of them? And who will look foolish, think you, in that day when you discover that God is not interested in your business success or your public distinctions or any other of the meretricious and tarnishable prizes of worldliness, and that he judges you by what you did with the best things that he ever gave you—the bright generous dreams of your youth?

Oh, you will say, all that sort of thing goes up in smoke as we gain experience of the world: it is a hard grim world that will stand no soft nonsense, which makes no room for dreams and costly inflexible convictions; and experience brings us all down from the clouds. But that is not what experience should do for us, if we understood it aright. The dreams of youth are high, and youth is in a hurry; and experience comes to us to cure us of the hurry without despoiling us of the dream. In youth, faith mounts up with wings like the eagle; but because the wings have been over-ambitious, we think that the faith is false,—and that is the crisis of life, the moment of our first disillusionment. We come

to earth with a shock and some of us throw overboard the dreams—God help us! But a few keep the dream and if they cannot fly for it, they will run for it; and if they cannot run for it, they will walk for it. And that is the perfection of faith—when after all the disillusionments and reverses, the checks and the contrary winds, and the day far spent, it still sees afar off the Crock of Gold, and strides on steadily, breast and back as either should be, unencumbered with needless baggage, and with a singing in its heart, 'The best is yet to be'; and be very sure that the most secret places of the Most High are kept for such as these, who lived only for the dreams that God gave them. Would that God might rekindle in you and me the vanished dreams that once flooded our life with glory and singing, and give us to

'recapture
Its first fine careless rapture,'

that our souls may live again!

II

A FORWARD LOOK

Arthur L. Huddleston
D.D.

Few men have come more to the fore in the Canadian Baptist Church during the last decade than Arthur L. Huddleston, of the First Church, Halifax. During the greater part of that period he has been in his present charge, prior to which he enjoyed successful pastorates in St. Catherines and Hamilton. His gifts have been recognized by those in high places in his own denomination in numerous invitations to deliver series of addresses before Annual Conventions and other bodies. At the present time he enjoys the enviable reputation of preaching to more students than any other preacher in the Maritimes, and his services are in great demand for University Baccalaureates and College commencements.

His sermon on "The Forward Look" is of the kind that many a lesser man longs to preach. It reveals the constructive thinker, laying resolute hold on the best in progressive thought that it may serve as a vitalizing force in the religion of to-day and to-morrow. For such a gospel there is ample room in a day when reactionary thought is making itself so vocal. A ministry following such lines as these is great with promise of increasing influence in the ushering in of the finer future of which this sermon so eloquently speaks.

II

A FORWARD LOOK

Arthur L. Huddleston, D.D.,
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, HALIFAX, N. S.

1st John 3:2. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that we shall be like Him.

I

The writer of these words stood with his face towards the East. In that early dawning light of Christianity he looked forward to the brighter day. He knew that the full glory of God's Kingdom had not yet been realized. The canvas was aglow with form and color, but the masterpiece was not yet complete. The Great Musician had awakened melodies in the human heart which were to deepen and grow into a symphony of love and praise that would excel anything yet known in human experience. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." The full splendor and power of the Master's touch upon human life was yet to bring forth its full fruitage. Thus the writer stands anticipating a glory that is yet to be.

He is not, however, a mere dreamer. He shows a

keen appreciation of present fact and attainment: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Here he cherishes a definite, sublime and superlative fact—one which transforms all life's experiences and outlook. As the level rays of the setting sun turn the common window-pane to a plaque of burnished gold, so this relationship, "Sons of God", throws its golden glow over the Christian's life. The future has its mystery. "It does not yet appear what we shall be," but we do know that whatever awaits us will grow out of, and be in harmony with, the fact that we are sons of God.

Would you anticipate the future of the Christian religion? Then Jesus, our elder brother, is the window through which you may see the vistas of the future stretching out before you. "It does not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall be like Him." As we construct the program of to-morrow we will do well to be guided by the matchless life and sublime teachings of Jesus.

With this as our background may I ask you to look with me into the future development of the Christian religion? Since John penned these words nineteen centuries have passed. Progress has been made, still the text applies: "It does not yet appear what we shall be". Still may we stand with our faces towards the dawning light, ever seeking to understand more fully the vision splendid that lures us forward to greater achievement.

The forward look implies change. It is to be regretted that there are those who fear and oppose any suggestion of change in matters pertaining to religion. They look not only upon the religious life, but also upon its expressions in creed, ritual and institution, as fixed and final. With their faces towards a glorious past, they would fain keep all the expressions of the religious life just as they are. One does not question their motive. With a deep appreciation of the golden heritage of Christianity, they are fearful lest some precious jewel be lost. They have yet to learn that the Kingdom of God is not static, as a jewel, but dynamic, as a seed, the potentials of which clamor for expression. The seed demands for its future different treatment from the jewel. Keep your seed safe in a velvet-lined case, and it will fail in its mission. Dr. Hugh T. Kerr tells the story of an Eastern prince who, when going on a long journey, left a bag of corn with each of two friends, requesting them to care for the corn till his return. After a long time he came back and said, "Where is my corn"? One friend led him to his cellar and showed him the bag of corn, all soft and musty and useless. The other led him out to a great field of waving grain. "There is your corn", said he. The first friend had sought to care for the corn as one would care for a jewel. The second friend cared for the corn with an understanding and appreciation of its potentialities. How much we need to learn that profound truth which

Jesus uttered when he said, "Unless a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." The golden harvest of the religious life of all our yesterdays will find its fullest fruition only as it gives birth to the more abundant life of tomorrow.

In the transition period through which we are passing, many are often confused and troubled because they have not yet learned to distinguish between the permanent and the transient in the Christian religion. Both of these elements permeate life's experiences. Our knowledge of the stars changes, but the stars abide. An elderly man is the same personality that he was fifty years ago. Of course he has changed somewhat—his hair is thinner; his form more rotund; his step less elastic—yet, through all the changes which the changing years have wrought, the same personality persists. Thus in human life the permanent and the transient are strangely intertwined.

Paul recognizes these two elements in the Christian life. In writing to the church at Corinth he declares himself to be a minister of a new covenant, and then he draws a distinction between the transient and the permanent, declaring himself and his co-workers to be ministers of the new covenant; not of the letter, but of the spirit; "for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." It is not difficult to find examples of a strict adherence to the letter of Christianity, which ought to change, killing the spirit, which should be permanent. Greet each other with

a holy kiss. Here the spirit is one of good will and kindly interest. But if we are to maintain that spirit in the twentieth century, the letter must be changed. A hearty hand-shake will in most cases take the place of the kiss. The late J. Brierly sums up the whole situation well when he says, "Truth is eternal, but the time wrappings of truth change from age to age."

Those who deny this changing aspect of the religious life—those who consider the doctrines and institutions of Christianity as something let down from Heaven all complete, and hence unchangeable —may easily discover their mistake. They have only to read the history of Christianity to discover a long drawn out evolution of both doctrine and institution. Take for example the various theories of the atonement. Starting with the conception that the death of Jesus was a price paid to the devil for the ransom of men, change after change was made. Theory displaced theory. Today we have many widely different theories, with a growing tendency to see in the death of Jesus the sublime revelation of God's suffering for a sin-cursed humanity. Take the history of our churches, and here again you have a slow development, and that which we have today is the fruitage of that development. Surely the changing element is readily found both in our doctrines and our institutions. Who, then, shall say that what has shown development shall not continue to develop? Shall the men of the fourth or the six-

teenth century have the privilege of reshaping the doctrines of the Church, and this same sacred right be denied to the Christians of the twentieth century? Let us never forget that we are living, not in a dead, static world, but in a living world. The Church is the Church of the living God—a God who has not exhausted Himself in the achievements of the past, but a God who, dwelling in human hearts, reveals His gracious will, and leads us forward to the accomplishment of His holy purpose. Just as the seed buried in the soil rends its robe that it may push forward to new and greater expressions of its life, so the "life more abundant," which Christ came to make possible, calls for opportunity to express itself in the larger growth and fruitage of the Christian life. Granting that the change has come, and will continue to come, how may we reasonably determine along what lines the Christian forces will move forward?

II

There are three considerations that may guide us. Someone has said that the wish is father to the thought. Man moves forward, not only driven by necessity, but drawn by ideals. He has a vision of that which he desires, and for which he prays. The adjustments of life are such as to help him achieve that for which he seeks and strives. Hence, in the prayers and inspirations of Christian people you

may find something of the program of the future. The ideals for which we pray and strive today will tend to become realized in the days that are yet to be.

We may also be guided by a consideration of the convictions and currents of thought that are active in our day. When a captain crosses the ocean the thrust of the propeller drives him toward his goal. This, however, is not the only force acting on his ship. There are pressures of wind and water that he must take into account if he would make a true course. It is not otherwise with the life of man. As he moves along he is subject to the pressure of the thought and convictions of his day. They play a vital part in shaping and directing his future.

Today we are feeling the impact of the scientific method of knowledge. This method has procured for us the material triumphs of the nineteenth, and so far of the twentieth century. It enables a man to sit by his comfortable fireside and "listen in" to a concert in New York, Montreal or San Francisco. It has wonderfully augmented man's achievement in the realm of agriculture, industry, medicine and education. Today it is one of the great forces that is moulding our thinking.

The conviction concerning the solidarity of the human race forms another source of pressure. We know now that no man liveth unto himself, and that we are members one of another. Looking back into the dim past we see the crowd, but not the

individual. The individual is lost in the mass. He is only the member of a tribe. Later, through the shadows, he stands forth. He becomes an individual whose life is sacred because of what he is in himself. Today we are impressed with the fact that the individual cannot stand alone. His life is complete only as he becomes a member of a family, a unit in society and a citizen of the world. This conviction is one of the dominant factors shaping the thought of our day.

We find also an added emphasis on the power and value of personality, or character. We realize that man cannot live by bread alone. What he is determines all that he may have. Gross materialism has been swept aside. Even the atom, with its countless host of electrons, sweeping like sun, moon and stars through the stretches of its own spatial universe, is today preaching the gospel of a spirit life. There is a wholesome recognition of the realities of the spiritual realm. These, and many other kindred convictions, meet us in our magazines and papers, as well as in sermons and lectures. Keeping a constant pressure upon us, they are bound to affect our future development.

We may also reasonably expect to move forward towards completion of the program of Jesus. We pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." This was the vision of the Master. Surely no one looking over the lives and institutions of men today will claim that this

vision has been fully realized! There is yet much to be done. The great Master is still at His task.

Surely we may reasonably expect that out of our growing convictions, out of our aspirations and ideals, and out of the expressed purpose of the Eternal God, our future will come. Looking forward, then, from this angle, there are three changes that I would humbly suggest as characteristic of the development of the Christian religion in the near future.

III

I believe it will become more and more an intelligent religion. By that I mean that the permanent reality of the Christian religion will be re-expressed in the forms that will be in harmony with the intellectual development of our day. Not that men will throw overboard all that they fail to understand. Life will always transcend man's ability to know, as well in the realm of the physical as in the realm of the spiritual. But in so far as they may understand they will use to the benefit of the Christian life the scientific method of approach.

This view is not shared by all. There are those who, in the supposed interests of the Christian religion, would muzzle science. They would expel from our Christian universities all professors who favor the theory of evolution. So far as it is possible they would force science to conform to the doctrines which they hold. For such a narrow and

limited view of life, the light of history is the natural and sure cure.

Prior to the sixteenth century all knowledge was taught by the method of authority. If a man wanted to know anything about the stars, he consulted the recognized authorities and accepted what they had to say. Out of the sixteenth century came a new development. Galileo went direct to the stars for his astronomy. He discovered that the authorities of that time were all wrong. They held that view of the universe which you find reflected in the Old Testament. This earth was the centre of the universe. It was flat, having four corners. Heaven was above and hell beneath. The sun, moon and stars were auxiliaries to give light by day and by night. The sun travelled round the earth. Discarding this view, Galileo laid the foundation of a system of astronomy which enables the scientist of our day to predict exactly the path and time of an eclipse of the sun, or the return of a comet.

The church bitterly resented this new light. They were convinced that to accept the statements of Galileo would be to undermine the foundations of their religious life. So they persecuted the discoverer and forced him to recant; but that did not change the heavenly system, nor did it kill the scientific method of study which had been born to lead men out of the bondage of ignorance and prejudice, even as Moses was born to lead the children of Israel out of the slavery of Egypt.

Astronomy did not destroy the religious life of that day. The fears of the church fathers were in vain. The permanent reality of Christianity was just as able to function in a modern system of astronomy as in an ancient system of astrology. The letter changed, but the spirit remained.

Since that time the scientific method of approach has won many conquests. Flushed with victories, it stands knocking at the doors of our churches. It calls for a reinterpretation of our Christian faith. This task we must seriously undertake in the interests of our young men and women, many of whom have attended our schools and colleges. They are steeped in this method of study. They demand the right to investigate any topic and come to their own conclusions. It is not strange that they are not at home among the dogmas of a church that spurns their method of study; or that some of the doctrines that were born in the middle ages should conflict with their convictions that are the outcome of modern study.

In any attempt to restate the doctrines of the Christian faith in harmony with the advancing knowledge of our time we have nothing to fear. The spirit of Christianity can stand this test. It is not a static but a living, vital force. One has but to read carefully such books as Clark's "Sixty Years with the Bible", or Fosdick's "Modern Use of the Bible", to be convinced that a reverent scholarship, employing scientific methods, does not rob us of our Bible,

but by enabling us to understand and utilize its sacred treasurers it restores this Book of books to thousands of our young men and women to whom it would be otherwise lost. May we not, then, conclude that the religion of the future will be better understood and more intelligently explained? Is this not in keeping with the promise of Jesus, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free"?

IV

In the second place, I believe that the Christian religion will become more intensive. Jesus likened the Kingdom of God to leaven, which a woman hid in a measure of meal till the whole was leavened. Thus He taught that the Christian spirit and influence should permeate all life. Surely it is the manifest will of God that the spirit of light and love should dominate every human relationship—that the glow of a warm, religious life should radiate to the very circumference of human activity.

There is no doubt that the principles of Christianity afford the only adequate solution to the evils that exist today in the commercial, social, political and international life of our civilization. Let such principles as the sacredness of human life, the supremacy of the spiritual, the mutual dependence of one on another, and the all-pervading principle of good will make their gracious influence felt upon

the totality of human activity, and there will be some wonderful transformations. The bitter antagonisms and cold injustice of the commercial world will give way to efficient co-operation and harmonious good will. The ideal of service will be more exalted in the professional world; while the golden rule will bind all men into a brotherhood of freedom and love.

As the scientific interpretation of Christian experience will hold for us the student who otherwise would be lost to the cause of Christ, so a practical, thoroughgoing application of Christian principles will win back to the Church the laboring man. Then he will think of the Church, not as a rich man's club, operated for the defense of capital, or even as an ark into which the elect are to be gathered, but as a great spiritual power-house, sending out into the affairs of men a light and dynamic that make for the more abundant life. Through an active, practical Christian Church the toiling masses may yet behold the glory of the Lord. The appeal today is for Christian men and women who to the great working world are ready to become living epistles of the Jesus way of life.

V

In the third place, I believe the Christian religion of the future will be more vital. It will need

to be if it is to reexpress itself in modern thought, and regenerate all the complex relationships of life. Jesus said, "I am the vine; ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing."

During the past century we have seen a change of emphasis on what is vital in the Christian religion. The emphasis on doctrine is not so strong as formerly. Emotional experience is less to the fore. Not that these phases of the Christian life are lost, but they do not loom up so large as they did. We have seen an increasing emphasis placed on service, or the practical application of the principles that Jesus taught to the common duties of life. This emphasis is certainly in harmony with the teaching of scripture. In Isaiah we read: "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. . . . Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Jesus said: that not every man, that heareth, but he that doeth, is like unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock. He represents Himself as standing at the gate of Heaven and welcoming those who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked and visited the sick and unfortunate; while He rejects those who have failed to carry out the practical program of a religion of love.

Surely a program of Christian service is demanded of us. Notice, however, where we stand today in relationship to that program. We have manifold organizations. We have our conventions, our boards and committees. We have created elaborate machinery for a program of Christian service. Against this fact we have to note that a large percentage of Christian people have grown tired of the work. Many absolutely refuse to make any strenuous effort or generous sacrifice in the interests of Christian progress. Others carry on from a mere sense of duty; while the faithful few bear the burdens and find a joy in the work. Someone has likened the situation to a manufacturer who, finding it necessary from time to time to enlarge his output, added machine after machine to his equipment. This increased the load on his engine till it slowed down, groaned and threatened to stall. The man had failed to remember that the power of an engine to do work is dependent on the push of the steam on the piston. What he needed with the increased load was more boiler capacity. With our ever-enlarging vision of the Christian's task, and our increasing organizations for the accomplishment of that task, we certainly need more power. The religion of the future must correct this mistake. We must keep in living touch with Him who is the source of all power. Only as we abide in the vine can we bring forth the fruit. When we give Jesus the first place in our thought, affection and purpose,

then into our hearts, our homes, our churches and our social institutions will come a flood-tide of power that will enable us to go forward with the program of God.

The Bay of Fundy tide presses up the Annapolis Valley. It floods those vast flat stretches of brown mud; it lifts the vessel from its cradle in the clay and whispers to it—as the incoming tide laps along its keel—the call of the deep. It presses far inland, up every creek and vale, giving to the landscape new outlook and increased beauty; it deposits that mineral treasure that has made the dykelands of our Evangeline country famous for production. Everywhere it comes on its gracious ministry, everywhere but where men have built dykes to keep it out. The trouble with the Christian world of our day is that we have built too many dykes against the all-pervading spirit of God. We have been content with a partial God. We have had a God of the hills but not of the valleys. We have not welcomed God into our business or our politics. We would have Him dwell in our churches and in our homes, but not in our hives of industry, or in our national councils. This situation is changing. We are beginning to see that Jesus came that we might have life—life in all its fulness. Surely the Christian religion of the future will be more vital!

VI

May we not then conclude that the Christian religion of the future will be more intelligent, discovering a real harmony between our mental and religious life, bringing science and religion together, to their mutual benefit; that it will be more practical, permeating and transforming all the manifold experiences of life; and that it will be more vital, throbbing with increased life and power; the branch abiding in the vine and bringing forth the fruits of the spirit.

With this goal before us, may I close with a word of appeal to the young women and men of our churches. We sometimes sing of "all the saints who from their labors rest". We often think of the saints of God who are still with us, but who, with work well done, must soon answer the call to rest. These toilers of God have secured for us a glorious heritage. They have labored, and we have entered into their labors. The golden gains of their past struggle they hand to us as a precious trust. Do you not hear them say—

"To you from falling hands we throw the torch!
Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

May the God of our fathers give you vision and grace, and strength to carry on in this life's greatest adventure. It doth not yet appear what you shall be, but as sons and daughters of a living God, move forward out of littleness and prejudice and selfishness into the expanding, deepening, self-sacrificing, glorious life of the Kingdom of God.

III

UNEXPLORABLE WEALTH

Hon. H. J. Cody
M.A., D.D., LL.D.

There will be few to question the statement that the most widely known clergyman in Canada is the Hon. Canor Cody, for a quarter of a century the popular Rector of St. Paul's Church, Toronto. A graduate of the University of Toronto, he has had academic honors heaped upon him from all quarters, among which are degrees as Doctor of Divinity from Queen's, Trinity, Wycliffe, and Knox, and the LL.D. of the University of Manitoba. He has always been keenly interested in the cause of education. For a brief period he was Professor of Systematic Theology in Wycliffe College, was instrumental in founding Ridley and Havergal Colleges, served as a member of the 1905 Commission to reorganize the University of Toronto, and on the Unemployment Commission of 1914, as Chairman of the Royal Commission on University finances in 1920, and has been for years a member of the Board of Governors of the University and now is its chairman. For two years he was minister of Education in the Ontario Government. In 1921 he was elected Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia, but declined the post in order to remain in Canada.

The marvel has always been that a man with so many and large responsibilities could maintain the pulpit work in such an exacting and important charge as St. Paul's. But for all the demands upon his time, Canon Cody has kept his position as one of the outstanding preachers of the Dominion. The sermon herewith was preached as the Convention Sermon at the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, in Washington, D. C., in February of the present year. In its breadth of outlook and unshakable grasp on the inner realities of the Christian message it is eloquent of the man himself.

III

UNEXPLORABLE WEALTH *

Hon. H. J. Cody, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, TORONTO

Eph. iii, 8.—Unto me who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given that I should preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

During the sessions of this convention we have been listening to tales of missionary accomplishment. Our hearts have burned within us as we have heard what great things God hath done among the nations. We have realized afresh the urgency of the need. We have heard the call for Christian statesmanship and service coming from various lands. The opportunity is as great and as challenging as ever. At no distant date issues of vast moment to the whole human race, such as those which concern the clash of colour, must inevitably be decided. And unless these issues are decided in the light of Christ's own truth and according to Christ's own principles, the results will be regrettable if not disastrous.

* The Convention Sermon preached at the Foreign Mission Conference of North America at Washington, D. C., on Feb. 1, 1925.

This gathering has been informed and thrilled and challenged by the message from the high places in the fields.

And yet outside this group of interested folk there is a whole world of indifference to these conditions and to the call that comes from the missionary leaders.

Why this indifference among the "men in the street" and the average Christian? May I suggest some reasons as they have arisen in my own experience?

(a) The ordinary Christian is inclined to distrust assured diagnoses of vast conditions such as those that obtain in India and China and Japan. He is not profoundly impressed when we assert that something will follow inevitably if something else is not immediately done. He has a latent consciousness that ultimately all things are in the hands of God, and that it is a mistake to suppose that vast world movements so absolutely depend upon us. Let us, indeed, always remember that while God works normally in us and through us, He may also by His Spirit work beyond us and above us.

(b) Again, there is some reaction against the almost hyper-organization of plans to do the spiritual task of evangelizing a world and against the military metaphors that we use. There is a recollection of Christ's words about the Kingdom of God coming secretly and working among men as leaven.

(c) There is, further, a common sense of proportion in the human mind. That sense of proportion rebels when even a good cause seems at times to be presented out of focus. There are many ordinary church members whose hands and whose minds are fully occupied with the legitimate duties and cares of life. Their families and their business, their debts and their taxes, their political problems and their religious duties to their immediate society seem to them real and urgent. They may grow impatient when we, pleading the missionary cause, seem to disparage or minimize these regular and rightful responsibilities.

There is perhaps in these mental attitudes something that may give us missionary enthusiasts cause for thought. Let us prune our words, and keep our appeal always within the bounds of reality.

(d) The deepest cause of indifference is undoubtedly preoccupation with *things* and failure to group the essential ideals of the Christian Church.

And yet does it not remain unassailable that expansion is of the very essence of the Christian Church; that the Church is really a mission, a sending by Christ; that Christianity is a missionary religion or it is not a worthy religion at all? This expansive enterprise is a fundamental, vital, urgent element in the history of world civilization today.

Foreign missions are not merely a realm of sentiment; they have passed out into the region of world statesmanship. It is the Church's world-task to send

into all parts of the world in need men and women who are spiritually wise enough and spiritually humble enough to help in the building of the builders of the world of the future. Christians are in the world to transform it in accordance with the purpose of Christ. Furthermore, is it not true that always the primary call to the individual Christian is the call to more intimate personal contact with Christ? We were indeed immediately after the cataclysm of the world war, prepared to reconstruct politics, to reconstruct educational systems, to reconstruct industry, to reconstruct social life. But the one realm in which, speaking generally, we were not ready and willing to pursue the policy of reconstruction was in personal life. Yet the most vital reconstruction is personal reconstruction through Christ.

It has been aptly said that some people do not believe in missions, because they have little right to believe in missions; they do not believe enough in Christ.

Perhaps my task this morning should be this, to emphasize that what we need in our churches at present is not only interest in missions as a movement, but also interest in Christ and His evangel. Unless there is deeper, wider, and fresher interest in the everlasting Gospel, and faith in Christ as our Saviour and our Lord, we shall in vain await a response to missionary appeals. But in the Gospel itself there is something that forthwith creates mis-

sionary interest, because the Gospel has no fitting correlative but the whole world. What, therefore, we need (may I repeat it?) is not so much new interest in the non-Christian world as new interest in the Gospel of Christ; not so much men and women who wish to preach the Gospel in the heathen sphere, as men and women who cannot but preach and teach and live Christ wherever they are. Lives that are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ and indwelt by His glorious spirit will solve our problems at home and abroad. Nothing else can really touch them.

Our subject, therefore, is the fundamental Christian motive and message. A great Scottish teacher, Professor A. B. Bruce, once said to a group of his students in class as they were discussing some approaching convention, "Gentlemen, go to this conference or that convention if you will; but do not forget to *go to Bethlehem*." That is, remember Christ Incarnate, dying, rising, living.

In this circular letter which we call the "Epistle to the Ephesians," St. Paul's great themes may be broadly summed up as follows: (1) Humanity in its whole range is the subject of redemption by a universal Saviour. The only barriers henceforth that may exist are moral barriers. (2) Christ is the Head of the Church. (3) All Christians are one in Christ, whether they recognize that unity or not. (4) There are unexplored possibilities of spiritual fellowship with Jesus, our living Saviour.

St. Paul briefly presents his own conception of himself as an ambassador, and of the message he is to carry, in the words of our text:

> "Unto me, who am less than the least of all the saints, was this grace given, that I should preach unto the nations the unsearchable riches, the unexplorable wealth, of Christ."

I

First, then you have *the man* who speaks "Unto me, less than the least of all the saints." St. Paul's personal insignificance and unworthiness are compared with the vastness of the field and the glory of the message. St. Paul is constantly bowed or exalted, I know not which, with amazement, that he should be chosen to possess this wealth, and then dispose of it to others. How profound is the humility of the greatest Christian since the days of Christ! As he realizes that he is but an instrument in the hands of his Master, he coins a word, to describe himself, "less than the least;" it is the comparative of a superlative; it is as though he said, "more least." "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints."—That sentiment is no wild flight of rhetoric, but the strong and true result of a profound view of the mercy and the glory of Christ.

As St. Paul grows in holiness he grows in humility. He called himself when he wrote to the Corinthians,

"the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of Christ." How often, I ask you to remember, as St. Paul looked back on the days when he was scorning the riches of his Master's Kingdom, and was persecuting his Master's Church, does he suffer the most poignant regret! He thinks of those days that were lost, those days when he lived a rebel to Jesus. Writing to the Romans, he sends his greeting to those *"Who were in Christ before Me"*—in Christ, serving, teaching, while he was the implacable foe of Christ. As he grows in grace he describes himself in these words to the Ephesians, "less than the least of all saints." Then, as he draws toward the end of his mighty missionary march, he applied to himself in his letter to Timothy, the phrase "the chief of sinners." The man or the woman who feels unworthy or not self-sufficient will always be kept receptive toward the grace of God. "Who are we that we should have been chosen to be ambassadors for Christ, messengers of His eternal grace?" The famous preacher at the City Temple in old London, Joseph Parker, was once greeted by an inquiry after the sermon, "Why did Jesus choose Judas to be a disciple?" His answer was, "It is a mystery, but I know of a greater mystery still. I do not know why Jesus chose me."

But what was the real place of St. Paul? The old Puritan father, greatest of Cromwell's preachers, Thomas Goodwin, wrote these words: "In his opin-

ion St. Paul was the least of all saints but in my opinion he is the highest saint in heaven and sits nearest the glorified God-Man Himself." What a man he was! He was the great theologian of the Christian Church, who set himself to expound the meaning of the person of Christ and the work of Christ on the Cross and the continued work of the risen Christ and the mystery of the body of Christ, His Church.

What a great Christian he was! He is the living example to all time of what the grace of God can do with a mighty intellect and a great heart.

What a many-sided man he was! He did not say, "This one thing I do." That is only a rough paraphrase. He did many things and he did them supremely well; but One Mark of Consecration was upon them all.

To us he appears as the great master-builder of the Christian Church, the missionary statesman of the ages. He sought to achieve in the spiritual sphere what the Roman Empire had achieved in the sphere of Government. Was not the Church (this was the thought that came into the mind of St. Paul) an empire vaster even than that of Rome? The Church, the Kingdom of Christ, has a citizenship open to all, not merely to a privileged minority. Its King is Christ, and He wields and will wield a wider sovereignty than any Cæsar. Its unity was closer than that of the Roman Empire, because it was based on love and brotherhood.

St. Paul had one supreme aim—to lay the firm foundations of this heavenly kingdom, to plant it in the Roman Empire, and to take the Gospel to the City of the seven hills itself and to claim all for his Master, Christ. In that aim how marvellously he succeeded—for breadth of vision, for Christian statesmanship, for all the practical gifts that make an ideal missionary he stands without a rival.

Still God chooses prepared men for the post for which He needs them. Still He bids us make glorious the place of our service wherever it is. Our faithfulness alone will define its ultimate importance.

St Paul was a titanic man; but let us never forget that God can choose men and women of very ordinary ability and lift them up to such a level of divine vitality that they can do spiritually that which will resound through the high heavens. Even to-day the vision of Jesus Christ and the exhibition of the world's needs may evoke a wonderful response from generous youth, so that young men and maidens will fling away moderation and worldly discretion and material ambitions and give themselves without reserve to the cause of God and those for whom in Christ He died.

Reconstructed and consecrated personality, like that of St. Paul and of the humblest Christian, is still the greatest force in the world.

II

After the man, you have *the mission.* "This grace was given, to preach," to tell the glad tidings. With profound humility St. Paul mingled an absolute confidence. However diffident he might be about himself, when he thought that God had chosen him and endowed him with His grace, he was radiantly and triumphantly confident. You may recall Cromwell's pungent remark upon George Fox in his own generation, "He has an enormous, sacred, self-confidence." St. Paul had that, in effect; but St. Paul called it "God-confidence." "This grace was given me." The condescending love of God bestowed upon him this commission and this inspiration that he should preach Christ.

Men and women, let us at this time remember afresh how great, how glorious is the privilege of being an ambassador for Christ. It is a grace, it is a gift, it is something unspeakably good and gracious, something beyond all the dreams or deserts of a man, that we should be commissioned and endowed with power, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Let us, wherever we are, awake to a renewed sense of the apostolic estimation of the function of the messenger. That which is a gift immediately to the missionary or the messenger is a gift to the whole Church, because through the missionary the whole Church may, in some measure, ex-

press her own heart and her own sense of ambassadorship. Let us emphasize this consciousness of the grandeur of the missionary function. We, who come from churches in the home land, have been in company with God's great ones from the high places of the field, and we are dignified by the association. The ambassador is one who is in perfect understanding with the power that sends him forth, one whose supreme quality is that he should be faithful to the mission entrusted to him. He is called upon, not to invent his message, but to deliver it and to say that this is the message. What gives the message its unspeakable value? It is that it is the unsearchable riches of Christ.

St. Paul felt himself, as every one of us may feel himself, to be the representative of Christ. The heart of Christ was beating in his own bosom towards his converts. The mind of Christ was thinking on the high themes of salvation and world redemption through his brain. He was continuing the work of Christ, filling up whatever was lacking even in the sufferings of Christ. The wounds of Christ were reproduced in the very scars upon his body. Thus, was deepest humility blended with boldest expression. For, to him to live was Christ —and so it was, to preach, or to suffer, or to write, or to comfort a friend in trouble, or to organize a church, or to collect gifts for the poor, or to help save the crew of a wrecked ship.

"To die"—to die was gain, because dying was not

death; that also was Christ. From the hour on the Damascus road when Paul saw that the crucified Jesus whom he had persecuted was not a heretic Jew, but the true and living Christ of God, his many-sided life was organized around a single purpose—to make this Christ known by every means in every relation to every man on the face of the earth.

Jesus truly made Paul—made his thought and work and letters and gospel. Verily he still can make us. The urgency of St. Paul's message was like a fire; it burned in his bones. This urge has been thrillingly expressed by Mr. F. W. H. Myers in his poem, "St. Paul:"

> "Then with a rush, the intolerable craving
> Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call.
> Oh to save these! to perish for their saving.
> Die for their life, be offered for them all."

Without this grace, there is no herald and no evangel.

What the world needs still is individuals possessed by spiritual purpose, receptive of the grace to love Christ, to live Christ, to give Christ.

III

Thirdly, we have growing out of the grace, *the motive.* Upon that I need speak but briefly, because you have heard from this place a

masterly presentation of the "Why?" of missions from the lips of Dr. A. J. Brown. We may analyse the missionary motive and find it in the stewardship of grace and truth, compassion for the world's needs and loyalty to divine commands. All the primary missionary motives centre in Christ, the Saviour of all. I wish, however, to take two phrases of St. Paul, and bind them together, as constituting for all ages the inspired missionary motive.

The first is, "The love of Christ constraineth us" (2 Cor. v:14). The words mean not our love to Him, but His love to us. That was always the motive of St. Paul's preaching—"The love of Christ to me." That is a safer basis than any merely personal emotion. This constraining power of Christian ministration is more effective and stable when it is based on the love of Christ to us, than it would be if it was based upon our variable affections. The love that is in Christ Himself constraineth me. The love that constrains is the love that went to all lengths, the love that died; and that love always craves in turn to be loved, and evokes a responsive love.

The other motive is found in St. Paul's phrase, "I am a debtor, both to the Greek and to the barbarian, to the wise and to the unwise" (Rom. i:14). Suffer a word of exposition here. In form this is a paradox. St. Paul represents himself as lying under some deep, personal obligation to the whole world, to all the nations, to Jew and Greek

alike, and to every grade of culture, wise and unwise. What had they done for him that he should spend his life in the effort to discharge this overmastering debt? The debt explains his tireless energy, his unbounded devotion, his unquenchable ardour that urged him from city to city, from land to land, from continent to continent, preaching to all the unsearchable riches. These words in principle reveal the key to the life of St. Paul, the missionary. Here is the one master motive of his missionary efforts and of missionary effort in every age. St. Paul lived always under the sense of undeserved goodness received from God; salvation was a gift; nothing in him deserved it; his need evoked it. How could he ever show his gratitude to God for his emancipation and for his illumination? Would he try by personal penance, would he endeavour by untold material offerings, would he seek to pay the debt by glorious and gorgeous ceremonial? No. The only way in which he could pay this debt in the realm of the spiritual was to pass on to others the benefits of the spiritual grace he had himself received from Christ. The gift thus became a debt, a debt of service and a debt of helpfulness. Henceforth St. Paul gave his life to spread the Gospel among Greeks and barbarians, wise and unwise, believing that only so could he prove his gratitude to God and pay back something of the debt to Christ for His unspeakable gift. That is still the abiding missionary motive. You know how this spiritual

law works. In the realm of the material you can pay a debt directly to the person to whom you owe it; the law of the land compels you to do so. But in the realm of the intellectual and spiritual you seldom can pay back your debt to the person to whom you owe it. How shall we ever pay back our debt to the prophets and the psalmists and the poets and the martyrs and the human servants of the past? They are dead; they have gone to the higher service. How can you pay your debt to them? Only by passing on to the present and to the future the inspiration, the illumination they have given you. How can you pay your debt to your own father and mother? Perhaps they have gone beyond, before you have realized your unspeakable gift from them. You can pay your debt only by passing on to your children and your children's children the inspiration and the Godliness and the illumination you have gained from your parents. How shall you pay your debt to Christ? By passing on the gift to others. St. Paul thus felt himself a debtor to the nations, because of what he owed to Christ. But as he witnessed the transforming power of the Gospel when accepted by the nations, his own faith in that Gospel was strengthened. He felt indebted to them because of their witness to the power of Christ. The apologetic value of Christian missions adds to our obligation to evangelize.

IV

As to The Multitude—the nations, I need not now speak. The field has been described again and again. The world is one; the world is a neighbourhood. We must think in continents.

V

So I close with the mighty *message*, the substance of the apostolic preaching, "the unsearchable wealth of Christ." That word "unsearchable" is suggestive and vivid. It is a picture in a word; it means "that which cannot be traced out by footprints." It is as though you were in the northern regions of our broad Dominion of Canada, where under the pre-Cambrian shield is hidden away untold mineral wealth. You cannot fully explore it. You go on, lode beyond lode, mine beyond mine, and you never can exhaust that wealth. Or it may suggest to you a mighty continent, like America. Columbus discovered it, but we are still exploring its almost limitless natural resources. So the unexplorable wealth of Christ is beyond all limit. At its end we never arrive. How better can I express it than the great Apostle himself has expressed it in that one phrase, " The love of Christ which passeth knowledge"?

How *broad* is it? As broad as humanity. How *long* is it? As long as the age-long purpose of God, as long as to outreach all human sin, as long as to go to the uttermost lengths of sacrifice upon the Cross. How *deep* is it? Far down under human sin and sorrow and need. How *high* is it? It can lift us up to the throne where in heavenly places we may dwell with Christ. The facts of Redemption are on a scale so vast that they can never be confined to one locality or to one race. If true at all, they are true for all.

One missionary application specifically I would like to make. We shall never begin to interpret or understand the unsearchable riches of Christ until men and women of every race, of every colour, from every land, shall have made their own contribution to that interpretation and shall have found in the unexplorable wealth that section of it, shall I say, that especially expresses their genius.

In Christ the Greek found truth and beauty. In Christ the Hebrew found holiness and tender mercies. In Christ the Roman found the embodiment of righteousness and a law that was love and that created a flexible organization. The Teuton found the fresh consecration of individuality. Bishop Westcott, one of the greatest interpreters of St. John's writings, said that we shall never have the ultimate interpretation of the writings of St. John until some Indian, with all the Indian's and the oriental's mysticism shall have heard the message,

assimilated and reproduced it. Will not the Chinese and the Japanese and those from Africa and the islands of the sea find in the unsearchable riches of Christ something that evokes an answering thrill, something that will express the highest genius of their race?

Men and brethren, surely if this wealth is so unexplorable, the highest and most ennobling task of any human being must be to share it with men and women the world over. Cromwell said, on the day before the battle of Dunbar, "We are upon an engagement very difficult." So we are, in this spiritual enterprise, but we go not on our own charges. The treasury of the unsearchable riches of Christ is ours; the presence of the glorified Christ is ever with us; and faintly steal from the distance the glorious notes of triumph song.

Ghandi was returning from one of his earlier trips in the interests of India to other parts of the world. When he came back to Calcutta a vast meeting of fifteen thousand Bengali had been convened to hear his message. The headmaster of Eton College in England tells this incident as he heard it from one of his friends, who was the only white man present at this meeting of welcome. The orators who had been called on spoke for hours in praise of Ghandi and of their own local heroes. At last Ghandi arose and made a speech of one sentence. This is it: "The man to whom I owe most, the man to whom India owes most, is a man

who never set his foot in India, and that was Christ." That was his speech. To proclaim that Christ is our task. God grant that this convention may mean the beginning of a new movement to Christ in America!

IV

THE REBIRTH OF JOY

Trevor H. Davies
D.D.

It is given to some men to be in a particular sense preachers to preachers, and among those properly deserving to be listed in that high category is Trevor H. Davies. Without in the least sacrificing his message to those who regularly sit in the pews, he has made himself the bringer of new inspiration to multitudes of his fellows whose lot in life is to proclaim from the pulpit the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is not without significance that his books are to be found on the library shelves in almost every parsonage and manse in the country. His *Spiritual Voices in Modern Literature*, an interpretation of the inner message of some of the great literary products of modern days, and his more recent *Inner Circle*, a delightfully intimate study of the men about the Master, have carried his message into far wider circles than any his voice can reach. His brilliant pastorates in the Metropolitan and Eaton Memorial Churches in Toronto have been rich in influence among circles which too often the church fails to touch.

Throughout this sermon and all his preaching there shines a spirit radiant in faith and vibrant with the reality of the spiritual things which our age all too easily forgets. Broad scholarship, a tender sympathy, a gracious reverence, a fineness of touch that paints a halo of sacredness around the common things of every day,—these are the things which we have come to expect from Dr. Davies, and in the gift of these he never disappoints. It was said of Dr. Merrill, of the Brick Church, New York, by one of his congregation that he was "the conscience of his people." That fine tribute would gladly be paid to Dr. Davies by uncounted numbers who have come within the circle of his influence both in England and in Canada.

IV

THE REBIRTH OF JOY

TREVOR H. DAVIES, D.D.
EATON MEMORIAL CHURCH, TORONTO

Phil. iii:1. "Well then, my brothers, rejoice in the Lord. I am repeating this word 'rejoice' in my letter, but that does not tire me, and it is the safe course for you."

(The Translation of Dr. James Moffatt.)

It is "the safe course for you." St. Paul knew that joy is vital. It stimulates life. It is the shining of the sun upon our folded powers. The mind works more freely, burdens are borne more easily, temptations are repelled more swiftly when joy is in the heart. There is an infinite peril in despondency. Hence the Apostle never wearies in his repetition. He returns yet again in the closing chapter of his letter to the same challenge repeated in the selfsame strain. "Rejoice in the Lord always: again I will say, Rejoice."

The New Testament confirms the deep seated conviction of the human heart that life means happiness. It means other things, of course, and other things which must be found before the quest for hap-

piness is successful, but joy is one of the creative designs of our being. The instinct for happiness is born anew in each fresh heart, and a "faithful Creator" does not mock His creatures.

But we have missed the goal. The joy of life is not with us. We have other precious things in abundance. Science is harnessing nature to do our bidding; social moralities are developing; education extends her beneficent sway; ideals of co-operation are commanding new loyalties every day. But we cannot claim that we have found the secret of joy. The lack of it indeed is obvious. The age is anxious and restless. It is the prey of disease. Men and women are hunting everywhere for something that ever eludes their search. Mr. Clutton Brock wrote, a few weeks before his death, an essay on "The Sin of Banality." "We find ourselves dull, and growing duller, in spite of our science and machinery and games and gambling. We have all the amusements that man can devise except the one that is most worth having, the only one that grows more amusing with its enjoyment, and that connects pleasure with reality and God." No serious student of our times can question the statement of that penetrating observer. We seek and do not find, while some give up the quest as fruitless asking in despair: "Who will show us any good?"

But here is a man who has found his way into the secret place where joy is to be found, whose words ring out like a bugle-call to our fainting, dis-

pirited hearts. And they came from a prison—that is what arrests our attention. They were written to a harassed and distressed people—that is what holds our interest. We point to our circumstances, so insecure, to our age so perplexed by social and national situations, to our commerce and industry so burdened, and we say, "We do well to be sorry, even unto death." And if joy depends upon the happy play of circumstance we are justified in our gloom. But the whole significance of the exhortation of St. Paul and the whole power of his challenge to us lie in the fact that they were written under such conditions and to such an age as ours. "The world was growing old" writes Mommsen, of that Greco-Roman world, "and not even Cæsar could make it young again." Everything seemed to be travelling nowhere and to be accomplishing nothing. Nor was the Apostle one of fortune's favoured children who could look through happy illusions upon the dying world. He was a prisoner in a Roman cell. It was from that most unexpected quarter that he sent forth his inspiring charge, "Rejoice." We have wondered at the Beatitude of Jesus. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice!" It seemed in our eyes a pure paradox. Flowers of happiness do not grow in desert sands. But here is the apparent contradiction displayed in the higher unity of a heroic life. The principle is tested and demonstrated in action. St.

Paul found his Paradise in a vast Sahara: tumult reigned without while "peace guarded heart and thought."

It is something to learn that the light which glorified his world came from within the spirit of the great Apostle and that from the elements of his own being there was fashioned that potent word to which we listen wistfully in our dispirited hours. "Rejoice, . . . it is the safe course for you."

We need more than this, however, to constitute a "Gospel." The much-used word "temperament" might account for this man's escape from dulness or despair. Happily for us we have some letters written by St. Paul from captivity, and they discover the secret fountains of his strange rejoicing. We have read them through for this purpose and looking back upon the delightful study can recall very vividly four of these sweet wells of water. There are others that might be named but at these four we tarried in our journeyings through the immense and at times apparently arid experiences of the writer.

I

The joy of the Apostle was the child of religious certainty; it was the outcome of the happiest and noblest faith in God. "Rejoice *in the Lord*." The world might appear dull and drab; circumstances might frown but "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" shone forth in cloudless majesty. And

how soon that smile of God did change his world! The Apostle would have his friends turn to this treasure of their faith and feast their hearts upon its endless and adequate grace.

His challenge brings us to close quarters with ourselves. We believe that back of all other troubles, this age of ours is haunted by the fear of a Godless universe. That is the diagnosis of A. H. Clough:

"We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
And most beliefless, that had most believed."

The mournful lines are confirmed by Amiel in his Journal. "The happy man of to-day is one who keeps a brave face before the world, and distracts himself the best he can from dwelling upon the thought which is hidden in his heart. His peace is despair well-masked: his gaiety is the carelessness of a heart which has learned to acquiesce in an indefinite putting off of happiness. The thirst of the Infinite is never appeased. God is wanting." There we have the malady. No wonder we hear so frequently a threnody of despair. There is an instinct without satisfaction: a thirst that is never appeased. With such suppression within us the psychologist would have no difficulty in accounting for the abnormalities, the unrest, the joylessness of our day.

"Unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living!!!" wrote the Psalm-

ist, and left it there—a nameless horror. We have added "I had fainted" thinking to strengthen the sentence. But that is too weak. A man recovers from a fainting spell: here is something from which the soul never returns to full vitality. To look into an empty world, to hear the great machine go clanging along its metallic grooves, to see the spring sun shine upon a dead universe is to freeze the genial currents of the heart for ever. We would have the Psalmist's words stand in all their simple and primitive terror. "Unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living—" and then the blank. The world becomes just such a desolation without God.

But the Apostle had escaped from that dreadful illusion. He had seen the goodness of the Lord in the face of Jesus Christ and that in the land of the living. He was very sure of God. When things were dark elsewhere there was no darkness here at all; when circumstances assumed a threatening front he swiftly turned to catch the smile of God; when every door banged to at his approach he found here the open door to Joy's abiding home. And hence he urges and enjoins; he pleads and prays with his fellow believers to rejoice "in the Lord."

We have no hope of ever finding joy without God. We have somehow lost track of Him in the multitude of His activities, and are bereft indeed. He remains "in the land of the living." In the ferment of nations, in the making and breaking of

systems, in the passion for justice and brotherhood, in the activities of the Church—yes, in daily round and common task He comes to meet and greet His people. He calls though we do not hear and shares our experience though we mourn our lot as forsaken. Only realize His presence and everything becomes new.

"Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green,
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen."

II

Reading the Letters of the Captivity we have been impressed again by the writer's heroic philosophy of human life. Whether a man can glory in tribulations depends upon what view he holds of them. An Arctic explorer is not daunted by the cold; he expected it. The soldier does not return home because there are certain dangers on the field of battle; his enlistment included them within its scope. So the Apostle comprehended hardships in his philosophy of the Christian life, in the awfully big adventure to which he had committed himself by his surrender to Christ. "Suffer hardness with me," he cried, "as a good soldier of Christ." His writings are full of battle-cries.

We may say that our Lord's favorite greeting "Be of good cheer" was spoken at times under the most unexpected circumstances. He would thus address Himself to sick, timid, anxious and heart-broken folk. But never surely did those words have a stranger accent than when they were spoken to St. Paul after his thrilling adventure in Jerusalem, when he was only delivered from death at the hands of the Jews by the intervention of the Roman soldiers. "Be of good cheer" came the words that same night "for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem so must thou bear witness also at Rome." What can we make of such a remarkable method of encouraging a half-killed worker. "Why should he be of good cheer?" we ask. "He has suffered enough by bearing witness for his Lord at Jerusalem, what happiness confronts him as he is called to bear witness at Rome?" Our half-beliefs and second-hand experiences do not help us here. It was the honor of his Captain's confidence that thrilled the soldier, the consciousness of a new opportunity, the glow of a higher trust, the sense of finding himself in so elevated a task. Exultations, agonies and love were his allies, and a mind made unconquerable by its surrender to Christ. We may hear the echo of that challenge of the Master, at Jerusalem, in the words written by the Apostle in this letter, "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake." One involuntarily prefaces

the writing in one's thought with the salutation: "Be of good cheer."

The Church must recover the heroic note in her preaching. Nietzsche did not even know it was present in Christianity and in warning his readers against the Faith he charged them to "throw not away the hero in the soul." Many have apparently made the same strange blunder and have concluded that the discipleship of Christ consists in the observance of a few ceremonies, the avoidance of some notorious, gross faults, and the acceptance of certain forms of belief. But it is the apotheosis of moral heroism, the most tremendous spiritual adventure where "surrounded by a host of foes, stormed by a host of foes within" each must stand undaunted at his post. Life is more splendid than an exploration to the Poles—when it is lived worthily, and includes incidents more perilous and thrilling than the capture of the heights.

"Be our joy three parts pain.
Strive and hold cheap the strain.
Learn nor account the pang: dare, never
grudge the choice."

"Suffer hardness with me . . . Rejoice!"

III

We find in these Letters a fine sense of the value of simple pleasures. "The Lord show mercy unto

the house of Onesiphorus for he oft refreshed me and was not ashamed of my chains but when he was in Rome he sought me out very diligently and found me." We trust that Onesiphorus had some adequate appreciation of the privilege which was his in that association with the prisoner, but St. Paul felt himself to be the debtor. He drank at the fountain of a humble friendship and was refreshed. "Take Mark," he writes again, "and bring him with thee and bring the books and especially the parchment." He knew the joy of simple interests as did his Lord Who, in the days of His flesh, was oft refreshed by flowers, little children, books, and humble friends. It is the simple heart that discovers life's purest pleasures. Others look and pass them by not perceiving the wealth within familiar forms.

Again St. Paul speaks directly to our modern need. There is something hectic and flushed about our baffled quest. New things become stale and withered with bewildering rapidity: the pleasure of yesterday palls upon us to-day; while old things do not become new. We hunt wildly to find stimulants to titillate a jaded taste. There is a Book in the Bible which is an elaboration of one despairing refrain, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." It was not written by some homeless patriarch or harassed prophet who had found his world hostile, but by one who had conquered his world and knew that all his efforts were spent in vain. He had every pleas-

ure the world could bestow—had drunk deeply, taking draughts "that countless millions might have quenched," had amassed enormous wealth, surrounded himself with pomp and glory, and then was left "thirsting in a land of sand and thorns." And we have conquered worlds having powers at our disposal, inventions at our use our fathers did not know. But we are not happier. There is no sadness so deep as the sadness of a soul surrounded by a plethora of things. God must take away the fever from our minds if we would be at peace. Then may life and health, books and friends, home and love, utter their deep joy to our responsive hearts.

"If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not, if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain.
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake."

IV

The joy of this happy prisoner was the joy of the unselfish heart. It is difficult to make particular references here because every passage has its own revelation of this triumphant spirit, but we may observe the mystical passion that throbs through the declaration "I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake." They were Gentiles, at one time

deemed his enemies, hated and despised, but now he rejoices in suffering on their behalf. Dr. Watkinson has pointed out that some archæologists believe that the Christian temple was evolved from a tomb, that the cathedral arose out of a mausoleum. If that were true, it would not be more remarkable than the indubitable fact that great and lofty characters have been born in the tomb of a crucified and buried self. Selfishness blights personality, while unselfishness magnifies it.

Lesser men sometimes complain that surrender to Christ means sacrifice, but the greatest refuse the term. David Livingstone always insisted that he had never sacrificed anything for his Lord's sake or the sake of His people. The tomb had become a temple with lofty aisles, jewelled windows, and chanting choirs. Here again we stumble upon one of the hidden secrets of human joy. There is an instinct within the soul which has regard for the happiness of others and which, when suppressed, becomes a source of restlessness. It will prove the sovereign force of the future. Already it demands expression, being placed in such a world as ours where no man liveth to himself. If there were no altruistic instinct in the mind of man we might have inferred a purposeless world for its need is so evident. But it is always present, though generally limited in its scope to a family or a social circle. Let it have free range and it will discover to us the joy of the Lord. As Mr. Boyd O'Reilly wrote

in one of his last letters, "My experience of life makes me sure of one truth, which I do not try to explain, that the sweetest happiness we ever know, the very wine of human life, comes not from love but from sacrifice, from the effort to make others happy and free. This is as true to me as that my flesh will burn if I touch hot metal."

In bringing our study to its close, we are reminded that Christianity has its supreme apologetic in this radiant, world-conquering personality. No greater tribute to the influence of Francis Xavier was ever uttered than is found in the words of one of his associates. "Sometimes it happened that if any of the brothers were sad, the way they took to become happy was to go and look at him." We all know the infectious power of a joy-filled life. A look lifts us, at all events for the moment, above our earth-born fears. But there is a surer way. Francis also won his victory by a look. He looked, not casually but soulfully—not for a moment but every day and through all the day, at his Lord, and through that steadfast vision he found, as St. Paul found, heroism, simplicity of heart and the spirit of self-sacrifice. His joy was a reflection of the Eternal Joy. He was a mirror reflecting "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." His rejoicing was in the Lord. And this is the gospel for all. "Look unto Him and be ye saved all the ends of the earth." Great souls challenge us. They invite us to join them on the hills of God, not con-

tent to be dwellers in the dark and fearful valley, but to press forward and upward to the sun-bathed heights where, like Moses of old, we may find the bright morning face through looking upon Eternal Light and Love. "Rejoice in the Lord: again, I say, Rejoice!"

V

ARMS AND THE MAN

J. W. G. Ward
D.D.

To have a crowded church in Montreal at any time of the year is a noteworthy accomplishment, but to have one of the largest churches taxed to the limit of its capacity on a July night when the mercury is hovering around the ninety mark is a tribute to a man's pulpit powers not easily to be matched. The spectacle of Emmanuel Church so crowded to hear Dr. Ward on a recent midsummer evening aroused interest in the preacher even before he began to speak, but ere he had finished the mystery was in its largest part explained. A preacher with a ringing message in the delivery of which he seems almost to be imbued with the fire of the ancient prophets themselves, a seer whose gaze pierces deep into the heart of things and whose tongue is liquid flame as he tells others of what he has seen, a thinker whose imagination plays like lightning about the truth he proclaims,—such a man will not long lack an audience even in these days when preaching has with so many lost its favor.

Dr. Ward came to Montreal in 1924 with the romance of success in London about him. An honour graduate of Nottingham College, his first charge was in Emmanuel Church, Liverpool. Thence he went to the historic New Court Church, Tollington Park, London, in 1917. In that pulpit, with its unbroken history of two and a half centuries, with its rich traditions of such men as Thomas Manton, Richard Baxter, Ossian Davies and Campbell Morgan, his personality became at once outstanding, and for seven brilliant years it was his throne. Best known among his books are *Problems that Perplex*, *Messages from Master Minds*, and *The Master and the Twelve*, together with two delightful volumes for little folk entitled *Chats with the Children* and *Parables for Little People*. The degree of Doctor in Divinity which the Montreal Congregational Church recently conferred upon him was richly deserved, and his influence bids fair to steadily increase in Canadian circles.

V

ARMS AND THE MAN

J. W. G. Ward, D.D.

EMMANUEL CHURCH, MONTREAL

Deut. xxxiii:27. "*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.*"

I

Thrice blessed is the man who can face life and not lose faith. His soul radiates optimism. His song is stimulating. Even age, when it comes, is bright with the roseate hues flung athwart his way by the sun of righteousness. Such a man was Moses. His service for Israel began with the summons to faith; it ended with the song of faith. That is more remarkable than it seems at the first glance. Imagine a man who had been through all which Moses had, through all the experiences that lay between Egypt and Canaan, between Mount Sinai and Mount Nebo, without becoming embittered. Yet after that long period of strain, he could yet testify to the good hand of Jehovah upon him. After the struggles, the anxieties, the incipient revolts and wearisome complaints of those years, he

had yet a word of praise for God and of encouragement for man. Contrast that with ourselves and the world about us. Many a man is disillusioned at twenty-five, embittered at thirty-five, and a rank pessimist in pose, at least, for all time thereafter.

Happily, perhaps, we are not quite so foolish. Yet though we do not altogether lose faith in the providence of God, sometimes the strain of life is so great that the cords binding us to the unseen wear perilously thin. Hope dies down to a heap of smouldering embers if not to ashes grey. The song of rejoicing dies on the lips. If not overwhelmed by sheer force of opposition, we are yet worn down by constant attrition. And though we are baffled rather than beaten, we are aware of times when we feel our incapacity, when a sense of helplessness spreads over the soul.

Every devout soul has felt it. Every heart-sick, footsore child of man has felt it. Though the desire be set on some spiritual good, or only on some temporal satisfaction, this is a common experience. If only there were some refuge, some retreat where the wounds sustained in the struggle might be bound up, where tender hands would allay the pain, where sympathy might make strong again, or the balm of Gilead be laid on the aching heart! Rightly or wrongly, we are convinced that is one of the pressing needs of the human heart in every age. It applies to the soul on its way to Canaan or to the Celestial City. And if it cannot be helped, discouragement

is the beginning of the slippery path leading to utter despair. But it can be aided as it needs. There is in the ordering of God the soul's unchanging retreat.

II

Familiarity shall not rob us of life's suggestion of the sublime. For childhood and youth, there is home. It implies, in its best sense, love and care, shelter, provision, and understanding. Perhaps the sensitive soul can appreciate best what these mean. One like John Howard Payne, after years of wandering, and writing his "Home, sweet home," may realise its value as we cannot. Yet to many, home is still a retreat from the noise and stress of life's battle. "Man goeth to his labour until the evening." Yea, and with the fading of light he comes back, tired with his toil, harassed with care, and yet happy to find the glowing ingle, and the love-light of the family circle. He shuts the door on the warring factions without. "The world forgetting, by the world forgot." Yet, blessed as that retreat may be, it is not wholly immune from the changes that time bears on its wings of gloomy grey. Is there anything more tragic than the breaking-up of a home? The old pictures still hang on the walls, but a sinister label is affixed in the corner of each. The table about which we sat, happy and expectant, with our old father at the head, the sweet-faced mother at the foot, is now set out with all the household

has of china and glass. The foot of the stranger intrudes into the sanctities, and what is more, is welcomed. Uncaring hands toss and turn cherished possessions, appraising them with scrupulous calculation. The hammer of the auctioneer sounds a knell in the heart. More, it is like the clods falling on the casket of departed joys. Every blow is agony. And then to walk round the deserted rooms for the last time. What happy hours we spent in this: it was the living room. What delights in that: it was our old play-room. What tales of tiny yet real troubles were told in this other, and what tears dried: it was our mother's room. We come out and shut the door. The noise echoes through the empty house. It is like a gracious and enthralling story, with a sad ending; and we lay the book aside with a sigh.

But wait! We have enlarged on the poignant for a practical purpose. What home used to be, what even the sanctuary may have been in years past, God is to those who know Him. Our Father is the changeless amid the changing.

Admittedly, "Times change, and we with time." The refuge that once stood open to us may now be unavailable. Friends on whose loyalty we could depend have been taken from us, or their attitude has altered. Yet, commonplace as the truth has become, like a well-worn coin from which both image and superscription are almost obliterated, the value is unaffected. God is ever the same. His

heart yearns over His children with an imperishable tenderness. His ear is perpetually open to their supplication. And the varied demands that each generation may make on His love, find it undiminished and its resources untaxed.

Moses felt that. The realisation of the Divine sufficiency inspired his joyous confidence. His projects were still far from completion. His hopes were yet unfulfilled. But he turned from the imperfect experiences of life to the perfect Source of satisfaction and serenity. For forty years God had led His people. For twice forty had He proved His faithfulness to His servant. Thus as he turned the pages of memory, recalling the unfailing blessing that he had known in Midian, and through his subsequent journeyings, Moses rejoiced in what God had wrought.

"They err who say life is not sweet,
Though cares are long, and pleasures fleet;
Through smiles and tears, and sun and storms,
Still change life's every-varying forms.
The mind that looks on things aright,
Sees through the clouds God's deep blue light."

Thus for Israel and for us comes the stirring and strengthening word. Here is the first step towards truer living and finer achievement. God is a fortress for the assailed, a home for the weary, a harbour for the tempest-tossed. And yet no figure of

speech can do justice to the fact. The shadow thrown by a building may demonstrate the splendour of the sun, but it does not reveal its penetrating warmth and gorgeous light. So God's aid is portrayed personally. Bernard Shaw wrote of "Arms and the Man." We borrow the title from him, as he probably borrowed it from Virgil:—

"Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate."

But before them both, Moses sang of "The Arms and the man." He knew only too well that words alone can easily miss the mark. The human soul can be aided only by the Over-Soul. Life needs the living touch. Better than formal platitudes is faith's assurance. Better than stilted words of condolence is warm sympathy. A handclasp is sometimes more eloquent and heartening than the most polished oration. When he himself had been in dire straits, the loyal support of Joshua had meant more than the stout protestations of the gloriously apparelled Aaron. And perhaps the silent Presence betokened by the pillar of fire about the encampment had meant more than the Tabernacle ritual to one as close beset by care as Moses. So as we realise that it is love that transforms a house into a home, and the parents' embrace that makes that love most real to the frightened child, so man's reassurance was in "the everlasting arms."

The figure of the refuge might fail to make its appeal. This of the supporting and sheltering embrace of God must carry conviction. It is so human; it is so divine. The home may withstand the fierce tempest howling without, and the lashing of the rain upon the windows. The startled bairn, awakened by the noise, is not concerned with that. It is, as Tennyson puts it:—

> "An infant crying in the night:
> An infant crying for the light:
> And with no language but a cry."

What can pacify it? What can banish its fears and restore tranquillity? It does not need the assurance that the house is well-built, or that there is nothing likely to happen to it. Yet though the language be but a terrified weeping, it is indicative of some deep need. The mother has laid aside her sewing at the first sound. Yea, she has been sitting alert lest the tumult should awaken the child. And kneeling by the little cot, she has laid her face upon the tiny cheek, enfolding the trembling form with her warm arms. The sobs subside. The fears pass from the face. And soon the curly head nestles down again, satisfied and reassured by the real presence!

Who can question here the inspiration of that Divine Spirit who comes to enlighten the human soul? Moses may have seen only in a mirror dimly the reflection of God's face. Yet that same Spirit

whom Jesus called the Comforter, who should take of the things of Christ and show them to the believing heart, is here manifest. It was in the dark days before the Christian Dispensation. God was not fully revealed. He was more or less a tribal deity, remote from man's experience and exalted far above the plane on which Israel lived. They had conceived Him as the flaming vengeance of Egypt's retribution, the awful Presense seen on Sinai, or the unapproachable Deity dwelling in the Holy Place of the Tabernacle. That was Jehovah, as they knew Him. But to Moses He was more. To the people He was an object of dread; to Moses, of delight. God had sustained him in trials innumerable. When dread filled his soul because of the unknown way, or when he felt his own inadequacy for life's work, God had supported him. And beneath the burden of his cares, the weight of his responsibilities, he had felt, time after time, "the everlasting arms."

Moses had made mistakes, and doubtless realised, as Browning says in "Pauline":—

> "The past is in its grave,
> Though its ghost haunts us."

He felt the load that life laid on him. He knew that he had limitations. But he also knew that he had One who cared as his Helper, and "The Arms" reinforced the man so that he could face the difficult undismayed.

III

The proof of God's caring is His sharing. The everlasting arms of God are put beneath the load, not that we may escape our rightful obligations, but that we may be sustained in discharging them. The divine aid does not take the form of lavished charity. It is not "alms and the man," reducing him to the dependence of the mendicant. For the most part the Father only shares the burden. That is the way in which personality is developed. He seeks to make the best of us, calling forth latent energy, awakening effort, kindling enthusiasm and enterprise. Surely that is worthy of His purpose and man's eternal destiny. That contemptible self-pity, that lethargy into which we are thrust by life's reverses, become impossible when we recall the aid of the sharing God.

There is something to be said for the pious sentiment expressed in a certain hymn, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing!" Yet we believe it to be nearer to the mind of Christ that men should be "something." We are not merely the dust of the balance. We are not even the specks in a mighty universe revealed by the scientist. We are sons and daughters of the Almighty, meant to co-operate with Him in fulfilling His great ends for the race, and so we are of some account in the scale of things. Just as there are ways in which we cannot do without God,

so reverently may we say there are ways in which God cannot do without us. It is the divine will. Canaan must be conquered by human perseverance and faith. The Kingdom of God is the promise of spiritual support. The spurious trust that would leave everything to God is self-condemned. We remember, before the unemployment question became so acute, hearing of a man who sought out the minister to get his help in obtaining work. He attended the church sometimes—or said so—and the minister promised to do what he could. At the risk of losing personal friends, he tried to find an opening for the man, though without much success. So, thinking that perhaps the other had been able to do something for himself, he called at the address given to find the worthy fellow sitting before the fire reading the paper. "I have been asking the Lord to find me a place," he explained. "Have you?" said our friend somewhat sternly. "But suppose you went down to the docks, instead of sitting here, and helped the Lord in His quest."

That may have sounded harsh. It depends on the circumstances and on the man. Yet we cannot help thinking that it lays bare this truth: God cannot do everything for us, because He desires to make something of us. He does not make the crooked places straight, nor the rough places plain, in every case. But He does something better: He gives us strength to walk in them. He does not give us a load equal to our strength, but strength equal to

our load. And that is not all. The heavier end of every cross rests on the shoulders of Christ. There are many instances of one man's loyalty to his friend. Peary, of North Pole fame, tells of a young Norwegian who was wounded in the foot, but who stopped to help a shipmate who had broken his leg, and was trying to crawl over the ice back to the ship. There were two others who were left at one of the supply houses, with only a small amount of food and medicine. They were both stricken with illness at the same time, but one who felt that the other was worse than himself refused to take his share of the available remedy, saying, as Sir Philip Sidney once did, "His need is greater than mine." Will Christ fail under any circumstances to share the experiences of our lives, or to share with us the grace of the Father? That cannot be. All the testimony of those who have trusted Him for comfort in sorrow, succour in distress, and strength for the way points to a wondrous companionship that doubles human joy while it robs grief of half its pain.

IV

There are some loads, however, for which the human frame is insufficient. The burden of sin and the shame that it brings is too much for us. We stagger under its weight. Try as we will, there is

no escape from it. Worse than the fabled Old Man of the Sea on the back of the luckless Sinbad, is man's unforgiven sin. Are the everlasting arms able to relieve us of this fearsome encumbrance? The later word given to the Hebrew people, and fulfilled in richest measure in the sacrifice consummated on Calvary, supplies the answer. "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." This is a load that belongs only to Christ. And He "taketh away the sins of the world." So to the troubled heart comes this gladdening assurance: What is too heavy for it to carry unaided, God shares; what man cannot bear at all, God bears. Every lesser good follows as a natural consequence. The future was unknown for those Israelites. They could see only the next few steps. Yet so perverse is the human heart that it desires ardently to know what lies before it. If we knew that a certain course would turn out well, or that our work would not wholly fail of its desired end, would we not be enabled to strive with greater zest? If we could see that all our fears and misgivings were unwarranted, would it not set our hearts at rest? We do not want to resort to crystal-gazing, nor to any other form of forecasting the future, but if this relief could be ours, it would mean so much.

That is precisely where the practical effect of this great promise is seen. Beneath all our limited powers of mind and heart the everlasting arms of the

great God are extended. He looks on us as the kindliest of fathers does upon his children. You have sometimes seen, when the shopping season is at its height, a little fellow who has been taken to purchase some presents. He has several bulky parcels, the contents of which he may know or only guess, but, in spite of his gladness in possessing, they are too much for his strength. He is getting tired. Will he let his father carry them? Not he. He is not sure that he can trust them even to the care of one so big and strong. Then see the two stop on the pavement. The father stoops, and taking the little fellow up in his arms, parcels and all, he strides homewards. "How much more shall your Heavenly Father . . . !" Underneath all the cares and worries, the dread of to-morrow or uncertainty about next year, those arms are placed, and the weak grow strong, the troubled feel the calm born of trust. In more desperate circumstances, the same thing holds good. We remember, when the ill-fated "Empress of Ireland" went down, reading of a man who was swimming about, hoping to be rescued. He helped several others to lay hold of floating wreckage, sharing in one case the piece of timber to which he was clinging at intervals. But a woman whose strength was swiftly failing relaxed her hold. She was sinking when he swam to her, and then making his way back, he held on to the baulk with one hand while he supported her form with the other. That sums it up. Sharing in one case, bear-

ing in another, but caring in both. . . . It is thus that God works for His children's good.

V

The Arms and the Man show the enduring bond between God and the believing soul. God does His part. That enables man to do that which belongs to him. Life itself is brightened. The dark hours that tend to daunt the soul and to depress it are no longer to be dreaded. The clouds may hang heavy in the sky, yet they are shot through and through with the long lances of light that tell of God's reinforcements ready to come to our aid. We can run and not be weary; we can walk and not faint. Just as the mother's arms are outstretched to grasp the little one essaying to walk across the room for the first time, God's arms are about us. We may not always be conscious of them. The Father would have us grow in strength, developing the powers with which He has endowed us. Not that we can ever be independent of Him. Yet we may with fewer stumblings walk the ways of loving obedience. "It is easy—terribly easy—to shake a man's faith in himself," says the author of "Candida." "To take advantage of that to break a man's spirit is devil's work." We agree. That is where we find additional guarantees, were they needed, that the purpose of all the divine dealings with us is to make us free from carking care and haunting fears, so

that we may know the joy of those who love Him. We belong to God. He belongs to us. Christ is our justification for saying that. Just as we have a claim on our children's obedience and love, so they have a claim upon our protection and help. They are but children. Young, inexperienced, unable to fight life's battle as yet, they look to us to take up their cause. They know we will. That is why they are so happy and joyous, without the shadows cast by worry or fear of the morrow. That is why there is mirth and contentment. "Perfect love casteth out fear." Then why should not we, who are only "children of larger growth," rest as contentedly in the eternal love of God?

VI

The companionship of Christ makes for strength by the moral and spiritual effects of comradeship. Who has not been stirred by the old warriors' song, extolling the Old Brigade? It is not the lilt of the tune, nor the sentiment of the words alone. It is rather the warm sense of fellowship existing between these souls. And to know that we do not fight our battles alone, that we do not essay the difficult task without unseen, yet effectual aid, will work untold good in the life of us all. Not only will the certainty be ours that the everlasting arms of our God are sustaining us, but born of that truth will come new courage that will brighten life, lighten its loads, and what is more, tighten our hold on things unseen.

For the everlasting arms are meant to aid men to live as well as to die; nay, more, to live valiantly is more important than to die peacefully. Turn again to the moving spectacle of the young knight, Sir Galahad. He is bent on finding the Holy Grail, but before he sets out there comes one who fastens a belt about his waist, girding on his sword. The touch of her hands is like a sacrament. He is conscious of spiritual power flowing into his soul. And when "She sent the deathless passion of her eyes thro' him," he set out on his perilous way as one inspired. It is thus, that God works in the human heart. The sense of life's greatness may sometimes appal. The hardships and weariness inevitable to those who would pursue the goal set before them would discourage were it not that the fact of the Divine aid is just as real. No experience shall befall us for which God's sustaining grace shall not be sufficient. You may recall the well-known incident from the life of Lincoln. The Civil War was at its height, but, despite the pressure of State affairs, the President made time to visit the wounded in the hospitals. He came one evening to the bed of a boy who was not far from the Valley, and, moved to the depth of his being, the President sat beside him and asked if there was anything he could do. The light was fading, or the mists from that same Valley clouded the lad's mind. He did not recognise his visitor. But there was something in the kindly tones that encouraged him to make a

request. Would he write a letter to the boy's mother? Lincoln consented. He took down what the dying soldier wanted to say, though the difficulty of dictation made the task a long one. However, the letter was finished, and with an effort the youth sat up to sign it. "Please write your name too," he murmured. "I would like her to know how kind you have been." Lincoln signed the letter, and, thinking it would please the boy, he showed it to him. "What? Are you really the President? I wouldn't have asked you, if I'd known." Lincoln reassured the boy, and then asked, "Now is there anything else I can do—anything at all?" "Oh, sir, I know I cannot last long. If you would see me through. . . ." The President put his arms about the boy's shoulders, supporting his pain-racked body. Ten o'clock came—eleven—twelve—and still this man to whom time meant so much sat on. "If you would see me through" was a plea that no man of his calibre could ignore. With the flush of day the young spirit passed into the everlasting arms. Lincoln had seen him through!

Gladly we may confess that Christ will be no less true to the trust we repose in Him. Every day of your life,

> "Ask the Saviour to help you,
> Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
> He is willing to aid you—
> He will carry you through."

Thus shall faith overcome the world. Sustained by the everlasting arms of the Eternal, we shall be enabled to do the work entrusted to us, wage the battle to which we are called, undaunted and undismayed. And such trust shall be the preliminary to triumph and to life for evermore.

VI

THE APPEAL OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Bertal Heeney
B.D.

No volume of Canadian preaching would be complete without a contribution from the pen of that outstanding Western leader, Canon Bertal Heeney. To many he is best known as an author whose abilities are so evidenced in his delightful novel "*Pickanock*" and his interesting series of sketches under the caption *Leaders of the Canadian Church*. But to the people of the West he is first and foremost the eloquent preacher and beloved rector whose ministry in St. Luke's, Winnipeg, has been so rich in steadying power to the whole community.

If any man regards this sermon on "The Appeal of the Church of England" as an attempt to proselytize, he misses both the spirit and significance of the whole thing. It is a loyal Churchman's confession of faith in his own church and in the deeper realities which throb through the life of all the churches. It well represents a point of view held by one of the largest elements in our Canadian religious life,—a point of view which is not too well understood by the very people who live side by side with those who hold it. Such a sermon cannot fail to be a real contribution to a better understanding among Canadian church people and in its genuine good will to the members and work of other churches and its vision of a larger union yet to be accomplished, it cannot fail to commend its author still more strongly to the thoughtful and broadminded reader.

VI

THE APPEAL OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

BERTAL HEENEY, B.D.
ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, WINNIPEG

I Tim. iii:15. "*The church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.*"

It is a pertinent question to-day for every Anglican—What does my Church *stand* for in these unsettled times? What has she to offer men who perhaps are somewhat disturbed in the religious atmosphere which has surrounded them since the days of their boyhood?

Obviously it is a time for Churchmen to *think* out their own position afresh and to state it as clearly as possible for the benefit of others and for the cause of true religion.

I shall speak for myself this morning and try to tell in plain terms why the Church of England makes an appeal to me so strong, that she has in return my allegiance and my services.

I

Let me say in the first place it is because the Anglican Church satisfies my religious needs, that she has my gratitude and devotion.

This I take it, is the *sine qua non* of any organization bearing the name of Church—*if* it fails in this virtue no other can justify its claim to that most sacred title, one which comes to us from the lips of Christ Himself. Unless the Church proves a fountain of spiritual life for the souls of men, unless she supplies them with the very bread of God, she is not a Church in reality, but only in name and outward show; she is a broken cistern, a barren fig tree unblessed of God or man. Now I have found the Church of England to satisfy *me* in this particular. She offers me in the Name of Christ, spiritual meat and drink and she supplies it abundantly.

At this point one is naturally led to ask Why has our old Church this capacity, this power of ministry to the spiritual requirements of men's souls? I find the answer to this question in our Church's relationship to Jesus Christ. She holds, that in the days of His flesh, He was the Incarnate Lord, and is now and ever shall be the One Risen and potent Saviour of mankind.

I speak again for myself—no other Jesus is any use to me. A Christ of less proportion has no ade-

quate power. A good man is all right in his own place, but this is not his place. There are requirements peculiar to the human soul which no man, however good, can satisfy, and there are crises in its career to which our fellows, however excellent, are inadequate. It is in such moments that Christ stands before us in His true light, and like Peter we cry, "I am a sinful man,"—like Thomas, we exclaim, "My Lord and my God."

II

My second reason, therefore, for loyalty is closely related to the first. The Church of England has my allegiance because she has never wavered in regard to Christ's Deity. Individuals here and there have done so. And there have been periods when this mighty treasure of knowledge lay hid beneath the rubbish of men's thoughts and the garbage of their lives, but the Church as such, has kept on saying, "God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God," and because she has done so in spite of men's cynicism and their biting words of scorn, millions to-day rejoice in God and give their allegiance to a Church which has been the Guardian of the Word of Life. To maintain and propagate this Faith, her whole system is ordered and directed.

This appears for example in her attitude towards the Creeds. She has not only held to the ancient

Creeds, the so-called Apostles' Creed, and that of Nicæa, found in the Communion Office, but she has made their language familiar to the people. I have heard very good and learned men criticize those ancient statements of our Faith, but I have yet to see propounded a substitute worthy of a moment's consideration. I have heard men ask with supercilious looks, "Why embed in children's minds, phrases they cannot understand? Why keep repeating in your services, language the content of which, not one in a dozen of the worshippers can grasp?"

Well, in this very repetition by children and the unlearned, lies the wisdom and not the foolishness of the Church. It is the people who must guard the Faith. The safety of a cause is only secured when the people have come to think it and to act upon it. Not what is written in books, however learned, or printed in Creeds however true and ancient, but what is woven into the texture of men's minds, guards the cause in any age and assures its final triumph.

Moreover, the Church is the custodian of mysteries which must be conveyed at first in phrase and symbol and left to time and the unfolding mind to prove them true in the growing experience of life. I confess now in my mature years that I find the phrases of the Creed taught in childhood, none too strong to set forth the riches of that sublime Personality, our Lord Jesus Christ, and I thank God for the old Church which taught me words too replete

with truth for my understanding either then or now.

Consequently as a Church, we have no intention in response to the clamour of a moment, to expunge or even to screen those noble and inspired utterances of the Catholic Faith—the Nicean and the Apostles' Creed. They shall live—men will require them of us so long as they need a Christ Who is mighty enough to be the Saviour of the world, not its mere example in beauty and sweetness.

III

Next to supplying my spiritual needs, and guarding well the knowledge of the Fountain of our Life I love our Church because of her attitude towards mental freedom. She acknowledges the right of the human mind to work, without let or hindrance No subject is outside its scope—there are no fields of enquiry hedged about. She placards no inviting road to knowledge with the sign "Closed—forbidden." In fact she urges upon every man, not only the right of enquiry, but the duty of enquiry concerning all matters religious and secular.

I may remark that this is the Church's attitude toward mental freedom because it is hers to preach the great Liberator. There is nothing in the Gospel to suggest that Christ ever said or hinted, "Thou shalt not think." There is much to the contrary. He encouraged men to think. He laid upon them

the duty of enquiry into the most exclusive realms of knowledge. "Why callest thou me good?" "What think ye of Christ?" He sought no hasty and ill-considered discipleship—on the contrary He urged men to sit down and count the cost of following One Who had not where to lay his head save on a Cross.

This was His attitude toward truth and this is the Church's attitude toward truth—re-asserted by the great leaders of the Reformation and asserted by outstanding men of pre-Reformation days. "With this freedom did Christ set us free" and our Church, among the churches of Christendom, is one of Freedom's strongest and wisest champions. She teaches us that truth cannot be settled by authority, save the authority of truth itself; that truth is a revelation and yet truth is a discovery; that truth is revealed in nature, and The Truth is revealed in the Gospel and yet every age must discover what is therein revealed and every individual can make it his own by expression only in so far as he applies his mind to its investigation and yields his heart to its sovereignty.

In consequence of this, her Christ-inspired attitude towards truth, toward mental freedom, it is our Church's policy, to give the Scriptures to the people in their own language. Moreover, her people are taught to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" their sacred contents. Her great scholars are encouraged to apply their stores of learning to

the interpretation of the Scriptures, and she stands forth as a leader among the Churches in giving to all races of men, the Bible in their own tongue.

IV

In another particular the Anglican Church makes a *strong* appeal to my sense of things. Her mind with regard to worship is clearly expressed in the Book of Common Prayer. It is not a priest's book—it is a people's book as well. In it, the *priesthood* of the laity is recognized—their rights are safeguarded. It is not given to the Ministry to arrange and dominate Divine Service, leaving the congregation no part save the singing of the hymns. An Order of worship is prescribed, the priest has his place and every member of the congregation has his place and is given words and an order in the blessing of God. There is no such congregational service anywhere else in the world. Democracy in the worship of Almighty God is realized in these services. We are not mere onlookers at the performance of a Mystery—nor interested spectators of a drama, human and divine. Priest and people are fellow worshippers according to a form which balances freedom and restraint, which allows scope for the working of mind and heart and will, yea, and even for the body itself to express by its attitudes the humility and the exaltation of the soul. It is a matchless Book, for therein is found a delightful

blending of all the elements of worship-prayer, praise, adoration, instruction and sacrifice. In these services man is made to appear before God in his entirety—body, mind, soul; his individuality is not blurred, and yet he is taught that the way to heaven is not a lonely way, but a companionship, in which we help each other to find the Great Companion of us all—our Invisible Friend, our Fellow Traveller to the City of God—the ever-abiding Christ.

V

I have another reason for devotion to our Church: she stands for order and freedom in Government. She maintains that order and freedom are not mere expedients but are essential to progress and the common weal. This attitude of our Church is of great value to the State at the present moment. The tendency is to overthrow constituted authority —to trust in revolution, not evolution, as the way to the goal of national welfare. It was a marvellous wisdom on the part of Christ which saw the value of orderly development and provided for it. When was the Church a mob or an autocracy? Certainly not in the Apostles' days, nor for many a long year after. From the moment of its appearance in history, the Church is a Society, operating on the dual principle of order and freedom. There is no sign of mob rule on one hand and there is no trace of autocracy on the other. At the Reforma-

tion the Church of England did not break with the Catholic Church, she broke with the self-constituted autocracy of Rome on one side, and took her stand against self-constituted Church democracy on the other. She asserted then and she re-asserts to-day, her inherited Catholic principles of Order and Freedom, as essential to the progress of humanity.

If we fail at the present moment to maintain our Church, we shall tamper with one of the strongest pillars in our national life—a pillar that supports the glorious dome of stability and freedom. She schools the people in sound principles of self-government, without which there is no guarantee of stability in national life and no assurance of freedom and progress.

As to the peculiar form of our Church Government, we insist on the Episcopate. This is our privilege. It may not be a very strong argument for Episcopacy that it is ancient, that it comes to us from the Apostles' times; but at least it is nothing against its retention. It is more to the point that it is also modern—those who have abolished the Episcopate have also copied it and have set up in its stead similar forms of organization.

We cannot be censured if we attach a sacredness to the Ministry with such an origin and such a history and so adaptable to present needs.

I shall not repeat here the list of arguments for the *esse* or the *bene esse* of the Episcopate. I shall only allude to one large fact which has influenced me

in coming to a conclusion as to the permanency of the Episcopate in the economy of the Church of God. If we start with the great fact of Pentecost, the creation of a Spirit-in-dwelt Society, and trace the progress and note the works of that Society during the first century of its history, we shall observe three outstanding results. First, this Society of the Spirit produced the New Testament Literature; second, it asserted the universality of its mission; and third, it developed a settled organization and ministry. Now there is no disputing the permanent value of the New Testament Literature in the life of the Church; few who hold to Christianity at all, will question its claims to be the universal religion; how then can we deny that some degree of permanence was also intended to attach itself to the form which the Ministry came to assume during the same period? It was the same Spirit, Who guided in the production of the Literature, in sounding the note of universality, and in forming the type of ministry which should best serve the purposes of the Ecclesia of Christ, giving to it stability, the power to cooperate and to manifest its unity. At all events it did come to pass within one hundred years of Pentecost, as Bishop Lightfoot remarks:—

"that in all Churches of the world of which there is record, there was but one New Testament, one Catholic outlook and one ministry—the Episcopate."

Therefore, we Churchmen have been entrusted

with something sacred, something worth while, something others have not, something which we must guard, and in the Day of God offer as a contribution to the reassembling of the broken Church of Christ.

As things are, ours is the only branch of the Catholic Church which has retained the ancient Episcopate and yet governs herself in harmony with modern principles of democracy. In a word, her form of government is a constitutional Episcopate and this we hope will be the peculiar gift of the Church of England to the re-united, to the true Catholic Church of the days to come.

VI

Notwithstanding these distinctions, these peculiar virtues of our Church as I consider them, we have common cause with other churches.

If it were a mere matter of keeping up rival organizations, I for one, would beg to be excused. There is no room for rivalry, there is no ground for opposition. The task for the Church of God is great in this land. And we share with other Churches the establishing of the rule of Christ in this nation's life.

The enemy is strong and growing stronger and more resolute. Our task is no longer the converting of the Native Tribes, neither is it a matter of ministering to incoming settlers—it is a defence and

purification of the whole social order. It is, moreover, a conflict of ideals—Christian ideals and other ideals. There are forces at work to-day all over our country which have set themselves not to improve the present order of Society, but to overthrow it and establish in its stead a different order with opposing ideals and antagonistic principles—ideals and principles which can by no stretch of the imagination be classed as Christian or made to harmonize with those on which British civilization and Anglo-Saxon freedom have been developed. Russia is the outstanding modern example of a country which has suffered such a complete overthrow of established order. The same forces are at work in this new land, with their schools, their churches, their Sunday Schools, their publications, their organizations and their propaganda. This is no time to perpetuate unnecessary division in the Army of Christ. On the contrary we must dig deep our trenches, make strong our battlements for the siege. Nay, we must do more. "To make war is to attack," says Marshal Foch. We must carry the standard of Christ within the enemies' lines. Steady then, every man, and forward shoulder to shoulder for Canada, for the Church we love and for the Kingdom of Christ on Earth.

VII

THE CHURCH, WHICH IS HIS BODY

Samuel P. Rose
D.D.

When it was announced that the address at the Communion Service with which the United Church of Canada was inaugurated would be given by Dr. S. P. Rose, there were none to question the wisdom of the choice. Dr. Rose had in his long ministry so won the confidence and esteem of the members of all communions that his choice for such an epoch-making hour found doubt with none. Himself a son of the parsonage, he has carried high the ideals of the ministry. After distinguished pastorates in such churches as George Street (Peterborough), Sherbourne Street (Toronto), Dominion and St. Paul's (Ottawa), and St. James and Dominion (Montreal), he is now serving the church and the future as Professor of Practical Theology in the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. One contribution to the religious life of Canada for which he will be long remembered is his work as Chairman of the Committee which after years of effort gave the Methodist Church its present Hymn Book.

It was the editor's privilege to listen to this sermon on "The Church" at a Sunday morning service in connection with the Golden Jubilee of the George Street Church in Peterborough. The sermon in itself made the service one never to be forgotten. The keen workings of the mind matured by years of study and thought, the challenging constructiveness of the positions advanced, the resolute optimism with which the task of the Church in the present and the future was faced, the directness with which the issues of the days to come were brought home as a part of the responsibility of the Churchmen of to-day sent the great congregation out to new thought and effort for the Master and His cause. That we to-day should have mature leaders of the outlook of Dr. Rose is one of the happiest and most hopeful facts in the life of the Canadian church.

VII

THE CHURCH, WHICH IS HIS BODY

SAMUEL P. ROSE, D.D.
WESLEYAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL

Eph. i:22, 23. "*And He put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be head over all things to the Church, which is His Body.*"

Not even in the New Testament itself, and certainly nowhere else, are the nature and functions of the Christian Church more effectively and strikingly set forth than in the figure of the text: "the Church, which is His Body." Let us note the significance of this figure. It must, at the very least, mean this much: that as Christ was the incarnation of the unseen Father, so that Jesus could say, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," so the Church should be the reincarnation of her ascended Lord, responding to the petition, "We would see Jesus," with the reply, "In me behold the unseen Lord; my eyes look out upon humanity with His loving compassion, my feet run upon His errands, my hands minister to human need, my heart is moved with the same divine pity that He felt when He looked upon

men in His day; I think His thoughts after Him, I live His sacrificial life."

That the Church has always realized this high and noble conception of her ministry, that at this hour she is measuring up to it, no sane churchman, however loyal, will pretend. Indeed, as every one knows, the direct charge of failure has been repeatedly brought against her. Thus Tennyson,

"But the churchmen fain would kill their Church,
As the churches have killed their Christ."

Less bitterly, but not less vigorously an American poet writes,

"The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places vainly;
I heard men name His Name in many ways;
I saw His temples plainly:
But they who named Him most gave me no sign
To find Him by, or prove His heirship mine."

It is not the business of this sermon to discuss the accuracy of this widespread charge against the Church; what I desire to do is to suggest certain conditions which the Church must fulfil, if she is to function properly as the Body of her triumphant Lord. Before we come to that, however, we must agree upon some definition of the word Church. As this sermon will use the term, "Church" will stand for organized Christianity, gathering into itself

the different religious bodies that are loyal to their common Master, and pledged to the advancement of His kingdom on earth. One must immediately feel how poorly qualified the Church, as thus understood, is to realize the ideal of the Body of Christ. The health of the Body is far from perfect, demanding hospital attention rather than suggesting an army ready and eager for aggressive action upon the battle-field. It is not a united Body upon which we gaze, every member working in harmony with every other member, and all the members responsive to the will of their Head. "By schisms torn asunder, by heresies distrest," we can hardly feel surprise that by an onlooking world organized Christianity is viewed "with scornful wonder." And yet, faultful and even blameworthy as the Church is, she is the only society that exists on earth which, by reason of origin and design, answers, however inadequately, to the figure of the text. Our business as churchmen is not so much to criticize her failings, keenly as we must feel them, as to do our part to bring about a better condition of health in our Lord's Body, that thus she shall more satisfactorily function as she ought, and carry on the work entrusted to her. This sermon aims at a contribution, as a matter of course very tiny and imperfect, to this end. It has four conditions to suggest as absolutely imperative, if organized Christianity in this Dominion shall earn the right to be called the Body of Christ.

I

The first of these is that the Church must be modern.

The word "modern" has acquired a somewhat technical meaning of late, and the "modernist" is viewed with suspicion in some quarters. I hasten, therefore, to insist that I do not use the word in a party sense. What I mean is simply this, that the Church shall speak the language and clothe her teachings in the thought-forms of those whom she addresses; and, as a necessary consequence, adapt her methods to the generation she seeks to serve. In this sense the prophets of the Old Testament were modernists. That is one reason why we find it difficult to understand them: they spoke directly to their own generation, using the symbols and figures of speech that were most potent in arousing the attention, and reaching the consciences of the men and women to whom they felt themselves sent. We have come of late years to see how truly modern, both as to form and content, the New Testament is. Reverently we may claim our Lord, in the sense in which this sermon uses the word, as a modernist. He made Himself and His doctrine the standard by which all doctrine and all religious teachers, past, present, and to come, must be tried, and He so presented truth that "the common people heard Him gladly." It was a "new doctrine" which He taught,

and from the throne of His glory He is represented as declaring, "Behold, I make all things new." Difficult as it is for some of us to realize it, the ancient creeds were once modern, and opposed by the more orthodox as radical.

As, however, one generation succeeds another, changes more or less vital occur in language and in forms of expression. To the modern reader the prophets are either beyond comprehension, or utterers of commonplaces, until their teachings are reclothed in the thought-forms of to-day. The once very modern Greek of the New Testament is a dead language to the average reader of the Bible, and much of its doctrinal content is interpreted wisely only when, by exercise of historical imagination, we transplant ourselves into the first century and recall the presuppositions which the writers of the New Testament address. The ancient creeds are practically meaningless to the overwhelming majority of modern churchgoers. And so it is the continuous duty of the Church to restate the doctrines she proclaims in words which the man upon the street can understand. And at this point the Church has largely failed. The War taught us that, if it taught us anything. The painful discovery was made that the ordinary language of the pulpit was for the most part jargon to the average soldier. Nor does the Rev. W. Major Scott, of Great Britain, indulge in hyperbole when he reminds us that "most of our religious terminology is trite, stereotyped, and al-

most unintelligible to modern ears. Our time-worn phraseology, masquerading as the language of Canaan, is merely the measure of our spiritual sloth and intellectual indolence." Unless we correct this error, and speak directly to the understanding of the modern mind, our messages will be as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.

And the Church must be modern in her methods. This does not mean that novelty is to be cultivated for novelty's sake, that resort is to be had to the unusual and irreverent that we may please the fancy of those who seek entertainment rather than counsel and help, and whose standards are unspiritual and sometimes gross. Much less does it mean that we are to attempt a rude break with the past, and to scrap methods and manners because they are old. What this sermon urges is that the Church should carefully consider the changed conditions under which the modern man lives, and caring for him immeasurably more than for a mistaken loyalty to honored forms and ceremonies and customs of our fathers, should adapt her methods to the needs of those whom she would win for Christ. Thus Jesus did. In his day, Wesley and his associates did not hesitate to break with hallowed traditions that they might save the multitudes whom the Church could not reach.

In making this plea for modernism no claim is made for the superiority of the modern mind. It may, if you like, be less acute, more sordid, less well-

informed than the mind of the ancients. But it is the only mind with which the Church of to-day deals. And unless in some way we find access to it we shall utterly fail. Hence to function, the Church must be modern.

II

The Church must be evangelical.

Here again I find myself using a word which has become something of a party shibboleth. Let me emphatically disassociate myself, therefore, from a narrow interpretation of a glorious word, which groups of excellent people in different denominations have appropriated to themselves and used to describe doctrines of a peculiar type. When I say that the Church must be evangelical I indulge in no religious slang, but mean just this—neither more nor less—that as Christ came to bring good news to men, so His Church, to be His Body, must do likewise. I may not linger to define at length what this good news is. The needs of each generation will determine what special feature of the gospel should be emphasized. There are timeless truths, so adapted to universal needs, that they must always be taught. Everywhere and always the Church should make known the good news of pardoning mercy, of immortality, of eternal life. But for our own age, what is the message which should have

special right of way, that a world threatened with relapse into paganism, and crushed beneath burdens too heavy for human hearts to bear; a world in which the prophet's testimony takes on new value, "My people perish for lack of knowledge," may see a great light and find solace in the hour of its trial? I show great daring in venturing upon an answer, but I am persuaded that the evangel for to-day must be a doctrine of God that shall bring intellectual comfort and spiritual satisfaction. Not only must we teach that God is—few will deny that—nor that He is beneficent, for that is in a way largely taken for granted. We must make men feel that He shares in our troubles, operates in human affairs, is equal in wisdom and power to the needs of every member of our race. Reduced to its lowest terms, perhaps, the evangel of to-day must (to use the words of Principal Jacks) assert "that there is That in the world, call it what you will, which responds to the confidence of those who trust it, declaring itself to them as a fellow-worker in the pursuit of the Eternal values, meeting their loyalty to them, and coming in at critical moments when the need of its sympathy is the greatest; the conclusion being, that wherever there is a soul in darkness, obstruction or misery, there is also a Power which can help, deliver, illuminate, and gladden that soul. There is a Helper of men, sharing in their business as creators of value, nearest at hand when the worst has to be encountered; the companion of the brave,

the upholder of the loyal, the friend of the lover, the healer of the broken, the joy of the victorious—the God who is spirit, the God who is love."

This gospel, spoken from hearts that glow with Christlike love for man, even for the loveless and thankless, born of experience and fortified by the authority of deep conviction, will meet with response. Many have lost their God and are without hope. They are weary of pulpit commonplaces, and of churches that are "busy here and there" over things that do not really touch life at its centre. They will not be scolded into religion, nor humbugged into church by promises of bread, when for bread not even a stone is offered, but some miserable substitute that cannot feed the soul. It is a sad world that is lying outside our places of worship. We call it a pleasure-seeking world, and exhort it to sobriety. The mad rush for pleasure, the pursuit of wealth with a gambler's frenzy—what are these but signs that men are endeavoring to drown their sorrows after the fashion of the dram-drinker? Spiritual suicide is more common than we know. To this sad world the Church must go in the spirit of her Master, declaring the glad news He came to preach. Nor are we to suppose that this gospel is to be one of sentimentality, condoning unrighteousness and making light of sin: its essence in part must lie in the persuasion that right shall triumph in the end and injustice—personal and social—receive its due meed of reward.

III

The Church must be authoritative.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago Prof. George Albert Coe well reminded us that "paradoxical as the statement is, what this age of freedom most wants to see is a religion of authority. A religion that barks at your heels you feel like kicking. One that says, 'Won't you?' and 'Please do!' you turn away from as you do from the cant of professional beggary. But a religion that says, 'Thou shalt!' makes you halt to see whether the reality of life hath not spoken in your ears." Admirably said; but let us ask ourselves where, for the modern Church, is the seat of authority? No argument is needed to sustain the view that our authority must no longer be looked for—so far at least as Protestantism is concerned—in what is external and official. Because the Church says so is no sufficient guarantee of truth for those whom the Protestant pulpit of to-day addresses. I do not stay to discuss the sanity or otherwise of the modern attitude, but simply content myself with repeating the reminder that the modern mind is the only mind with which we have to do, and that we must make our appeal to it as it is if we are to win a hearing for our message. Surely it ought to be enough for the Church if she may possess the authority which Jesus exercised in the days of His flesh for His own

generation. What, or wherein, was that authority? Prof. A. B. Bruce rightly answers when he tells us that it consisted in two things: first the clarity and self-evidencing quality of His doctrine, and second in the purity of His life. When He taught men said, "He speaks with authority." What he said carried its own witness to its truthfulness. His doctrine did not become true because He uttered it; He proclaimed it because it was true. It shone in its own light. We respond to that same kind of authority at this distance of time, as we read the recorded sayings of Christ in the New Testament. Take, for example, the sayings of Jesus as found in the Fourth Gospel. If we had to depend for their truthfulness upon the verdict of modern criticism in respect to the historical value of the Gospel itself some of us would be in a sorry plight; but when we read such sayings as are recorded in the fourteenth chapter, we feel that they ought to be true, and as we try to obey them we come to feel that they must be true, so perfectly do they bear witness to themselves in our own experience. Dr. W. E. Channing, many years ago, in a sermon on the character of Christ, quotes somewhat at random reported sayings of our Lord, and adds, "I feel myself listening to a being such as never before and never since spoke in human language. I am awed by the consciousness of greatness which these simple words express." So we may believe it was with Christ's auditors. Add to the self-evidencing nature of what Jesus

taught the sinlessness of His life, and you see wherein for His own people His authority lay.

So far as the Church is His Body, she too must be able to claim similar authority. What she teaches must depend upon nothing external to itself; it must be able to carry its own weight. Truth has a friend in every man's conscience and reason, and unless our doctrine appeals to men as rational and morally binding it cannot in the long run be authoritative. Reason and conscience rebel against that kind of authority which lies outside truth itself. Our gospel must demonstrate its power to save, it must answer man's needs and harmonize with his intelligence. We know light from darkness because light is light; there is that in the heart of man which recognizes the truth because it is truth. But the self-evidencing nature of the Church's witness must be reinforced by the purity of the Church herself. She must be a holy Church to possess the authority necessary to her true success. The character of Christ added unspeakably to the authority of what He taught. She must exhibit as well as profess Christlike passion for souls, the passion finding its final expression at the Cross. The magnetism and contagion of holy lives are incalculable. A Church holy in character, teaching pure doctrine and enforcing wise discipline, will be an all but irresistible Church. Her authority will be unshakable. Let prophets of God speak her message, let saints adorn her ranks, and how mighty she will be!

IV

Finally, that the Church may function as the Body of Christ she must be catholic, or universal.

It is not necessary to enlarge at any length here. The Church that adapts her teaching and methods to the needs of the generation she serves, that proclaims clearly and whole-heartedly the evangel of Jesus, that speaks with the authority of the Man of Nazareth, will win a world-wide welcome for her message and ministry of love. In urging that the Body of Christ must be catholic, I am not pleading for the immediate organic union of Christendom, but for the deeper and more vital union of character, purpose and message. This spiritual union will find some outward form of manifestation, and will be checked by schism and denominational jealousies. But our great concern is not for the outward form so much as for the inward life, which by its very essence involves unity; but unity in endless variety. When the article of our faith becomes a fact of experience, and one holy, catholic Church functions as one body in perfect harmony—may God hasten the day!—room will be found for vast differences, which are not, rightly viewed, conflicting and opposing forces but varieties of experience and life, springing from one common life, the life of God in Christ, and working together, in many ways, to bring to pass the universal reign, not of an organization however

splendid, but of the Christ who in all things shall be first.

I recognize the peril of a sermon like this, the danger of the loss of the consciousness of individual responsibility in the contemplation of the responsibility of the multitude. It is fatally easy to transfer personal responsibility to the group or the greater society to which we belong. How readily we say, "Let the State do this," "Let the Church attend to this," as though State and Church were not made up of units, each of whom must carry his own burden! The Church can function perfectly as her Lord's Body only so far as each member of the Body works in healthy harmony with every other member. It is a truth of far-reaching importance that if one member suffers the whole Body suffers. Your responsibility and mine for the health of the whole Body of Christ consists in our obligation to maintain at their highest possible vigor our own spiritual vitality and purity. If I am a diseased member of the Church of our Redeemer I lessen by that much the power of the Church perfectly to function as she should. And we may well lay to heart in this connection the doctrine of the allegory of the Vine and the Branches, wherein our Lord teaches that the fruitless branch will be cut off and burned, that it may not work evil upon the vine as a whole.

VIII

CANADA AND THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST

J. W. Aikens
D.D.

Dr. Aikens brings to the task of preaching some of the most necessary qualifications for success in reaching men's hearts. First of all he is the possessor of a vast knowledge of the Bible and of a temperament to which the inner depths of devotional life are open and revealed. It is said that many times he has spent whole nights in intensive prayer and Bible-study, and the atmosphere of many of his sermons makes such a statement easy of belief. Supplementing that, he is the possessor of an exceptional depth and range of sympathies, born of a wide knowledge of men. His pastorates in Nova Scotia and in the Metropolitan (Toronto), Dominion (Ottawa), and Yonge Church (Winnipeg), together with his experiences as Field Secretary in the work of Social Service, have written the fundamental needs of men indelibly on his heart, and his preaching is never divorced from the consciousness of these.

In the present sermon, Dr. Aikens has obviously in mind the growing national consciousness of Canadians which has been slowly forming since the war. The essentials of national greatness, the mission of Canada to the world of the present day, the part the Church must play if real greatness is to be achieved either in relation to ourselves or in respect to our duty to humanity at large,—these are the themes with which he deals in large compass. Such preaching as this is needed if the destinies of our country are to be fully achieved.

VIII

CANADA AND THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST

J. W. Aikens, D.D.

Rev. xi:15. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ and He shall reign forever and ever.

I

The text teaches us that the destiny of nations is determined by their relation to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. Canada has a future in so far as her people share Christ's world-wide programme. "All down the ages God has been planting centres that He might reach circumferences." Situated midway between two great oceans and looking out toward the civilizations of both Europe and Asia, Canada, in the providence of God, is geographically in a central position. Psychologically we stand midway between Great Britain and the United States. Influenced tremendously by both these countries we are in a position to act the part of interpreter between two great Anglo-Saxon nations which if united and determined can lead the world in the

paths of peace, justice and brotherhood. In this task alone a great trust has been committed to the Canadian people. Religiously we stand at the centre of the two great systems of theology, that during past generations have dominated the spiritual life of millions of people. The basis of union on which the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches have united is a blending of Calvinism and Arminianism. Geographically, psychologically and religiously Canada is a great living centre and as such is to be used of God to reach the uttermost parts of the earth.

II

In this method by which God reaches the circumference from the centre, the chief factor is the Christian Church. The relation of the Church to the Kingdom is more than that of the instrument to the thing produced; the Church is the Kingdom in embryo. Shortly after his conversion John Wesley visited the Moravian settlement of Herrnhüt to study religion in the concrete. Writing to his brother he said—"I am with a Church whose conversation is in Heaven, in whom is the mind of Christ, who walk as He walked. Oh how high and holy a thing is Christianity!" The Church in relation to the Kingdom is as leaven in the meal. "The good seed are the children of the Kingdom," or to change the figure, the nations of the world are

in the hands of God, as clay is in the hands of the potter and the spiritual ties that make Christians "members one of another" are the invisible fingers of God that mould and fashion the life of the nations. The possibility of this being so becomes doubly clear when we think that "nationality is a thing of the mind, the will, the heart, the spirit and not of any externals whatsoever." Natural boundaries, a common government and a common language have to do with national life but nationality is first of all a spiritual entity and as such is capable of being fashioned into the spiritual Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Fundamentally, all political problems are religious problems. Government by Parliament depends upon the character of a people and the chief business of the Church is the production of that Christlike character which enables people to live together in peace and equity. The writer to the Hebrews declares that—"a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy Kingdom." Coupling with that scripture the Old Testament truth that "righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people," we see that Canada has a future only as her people become a righteous people. In a moral universe the only thing that is sure of a future is the thing that is right. "Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

III

This foundation of national righteousness has been well and truly laid by our forefathers. In an address given at the Congress of Missions held in Toronto some years ago, Canon Tucker, in speaking of the characteristics of our Canadian people, said that we have—"an ardent love of freedom coupled with the qualities that fit us to enjoy its benefits and discharge its obligations; love of truth and right, a sound moral sense that responds to a moral appeal, a love of order and respect for law, a wide-spread spirit of benevolence that has built hospitals and charitable institutions throughout the length and breadth of the land, an insatiable desire for learning, marriage a sacred institution and homes that are the seed-bed of all the virtues." For all this we are largely indebted to those who amid much toil, loneliness and hardship kept before their souls that vision of God and His ways without which the people perish. Architects disagree on many things but they are one in saying that secure foundations are of first importance. The Canadian pioneers have laid well the foundations of a great nation.

IV

But if past generations were called upon to lay foundations, the present generation defended them.

In the final analysis the late war was a clash of national ideals. The ideal of the strong serving the weak came in conflict with that of the strong exploiting the weak. National integrity in regard to a nation's covenants came to grips with the spirit that treated solemn obligations as "a scrap of paper." Democracy lined up against autocracy and, when the issue was clearly seen, there was no hesitation about the response given by the Canadian people. War was declared in August. In the beginning of October, Canada had 33,000 men on their way across the sea. An army one-half million strong was raised, 400,000 of whom crossed the ocean, there were 211,000 casualties and over 50,000 Canadian heroes paid the supreme sacrifice. An idea of what the war cost Canada can be seen on the parliament grounds at Winnipeg, where the "Next of Kin" have erected a monument in memory of those who going from that vicinity laid down their lives in the cause of freedom. The names of over 1,500 men are inscribed on that monument and these men all came from within a radius of about six miles. Back of all this was Canada's conception of righteousness.

And the quality of the service rendered was equal to the best. On April 22, 1915, at the second battle of Ypres the Germans launched their first gas attack. The Canadians held one section of the line with the British on the left and the French Colonial troops on the right. Aiming at the possession of the

channel ports and selecting the Colonial troops as the most vulnerable spot, the Germans made a tremendous attack, with the result that the French colonial troops fled leaving a gap four miles wide and the end of the Canadian line in the air. Surrounded on three sides and choked with gas, the Canadian forces launched a counter attack which the Germans, supposing to be the spearhead of a British advance, called in their lines. In the words of General French—"the Canadians saved the day." If the fathers laid well the foundation of our nation, their sons nobly defended them. The lights of freedom are burning to-day, but they are burning at the price of heroic sacrifice.

While it is true that the hands that drew the sword and caused the war are guilty hands, nevertheless God will overrule it all for good. At the present time three-fourths of the people of the world are in a League, the primary object of which is "to preserve mankind from the horror and waste of war" and "to protect backward peoples from exploitation, to assist in the economic reconstruction of the world, to organize and direct human activities against preventable evils of a moral and physical kind." Such an organization with such a conception has been declared to represent "the highest achievements of the human spirit since Christ's gospel was given to the world 2,000 years ago." The spirit and principles of Jesus Christ are beginning to reach the circumference of national life and

in the defence and proclamation of those principles Canada has had an honorable part.

V

To those who stood at the portals of a new day our Saviour gave one imperative and all inclusive commandment—"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you and lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world." The chief business of the Canadian people is to disciple the nations. The Great Commission, says Robert E. Speer, "does not create an obligation; it states it. The missionary enterprise rests on the character of God, the universality of the Gospel and the unity and need of all mankind." Having entered upon this noble heritage we are under obligation to extend to others that which we have received. To attempt to provincialize or even to nationalize that which in its essential nature belongs to all mankind is to lose what we have. The hearts of Canadians must be open to all the world. As a method of curing the present ills of mankind and of meeting the demands of a world situation, there is nothing that offers such an opportunity for world service as the missionary enterprises of the Church. It has been truly said that "foreign missions are the article of a stand-

ing or falling civilization, aye of a standing or falling world order." To use Carlyle's pregnant phrase, we are called upon "to put a soul under the ribs" of our present civilization. As we honestly and sacrificially attempt to do this, the Christian churches of Canada will come closer together. World unity keeps pace with church unity. How can a divided Church tell the nations how to get together? For their sakes we should sanctify ourselves that they may be sanctified by the truth. If we are sincere in our professions we will cast out of our hearts that spirit which separates man from man. In the words of Henry Van Dyke, let us remember that "every sin that nestles within us is a part of the world's shame and misery. Every selfish desire that stirs within our souls is a part of that which has stirred up strife and cruelty and murder and bloody war among the children of men." Spiritual evils are not confined within national boundaries. "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double-minded."

VI

In the light of world service perhaps there is no opportunity so great as that presented by the chance to mould the coming generation. "Where anything is growing, one former is worth a thousand reformers." It is a fact that German leaders by educating their young people according to a certain

standard changed the whole character of the German nation, and did it in the short space of about twenty years. If a nation can be changed for the worse in that brief period of time, how much more is it possible to mould the character of our people for good by wise, efficient and persistent effort among the splendid army of young people who at the present time are growing up in Canada. The hour is big with possibilities, the nations of the world are coming closer together and the Kingdom of Christ is steadily advancing." Say not how long the day is coming, but rather say how glorious will that day be whose morning dawn has lasted for nineteen hundred years.

IX

OFFENDED IN CHRIST

John MacNeill.
D.D.

Outstanding among the leaders of the Canadian pulpit to-day is John Mac Neill, of Toronto. A native of Ontario, he graduated from McMaster University, and was ordained to the ministry of the Baptist Church in Winnipeg in 1899. For the following seven years he served the First Church in that city with marked distinction, and since 1906 has been wielding a steadily widening influence in the Walmer Road Church, Toronto. His abilities have won him many honors. For three summers he supplied the pulpit of the City Road Temple in London, he was in 1920 elevated to the highest post in the gift of his brethren, the presidency of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, and he has long been a Governor of McMaster University. When the Canadian Y. M. C. A. sought leading men to carry on work with the Army in France, John MacNeill was among the first to be selected, and from 1916 to 1918 he did a unique service to the men in khaki. His two books, *World Power* and *The Empire of Christ*, have had wide circulation, and have been a real force in the thinking of men to-day along lines religious.

Most ministers win the respect of their people, but some in addition win their genuine love and affection. In an unusual measure John MacNeill has done both. Perhaps this sermon, "Offended in Christ," reveals with clearness the reasons. His wide and ready sympathies, his uncompromising loyalty to the truth as he sees it, his fearless but tender presentation of the message of Galilee, the sweep of an outlook which takes in wide horizons but is not forgetful of the importance of the least and last details in the foreground of life,—out of such elements as these the spell of his influence has been woven. Little wonder that multitudes of hearers find his preaching a means of grace greatly to be cultivated.

IX

OFFENDED IN CHRIST

JOHN MACNEILL, D.D.
WALMER ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH, TORONTO

Matthew xi:6. "*And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me.*"

This is one of the Beatitudes of Jesus that is not contained in the Sermon on the Mount. When we speak of the Beatitudes we naturally think of those eight great pronouncements recorded in the fifth chapter of Matthew. Blessed are the poor in spirit, they who mourn, the meek, they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers and the persecuted. These represent the fundamental elements of good within the godly life, the outstanding characteristics of those men and women who are subjects in the Kingdom of God. But the blessedness that Christ has promised is not confined to these. Scattered throughout His ministry are a number of occasions and people that call forth His benediction. "Blessed are your eyes for they see, and your ears for they hear." "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona." "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh,

shall find watching." "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." And thus on to the last great "blessed" of all, "Come, ye blessed of my Father."

"Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me." These words were a part of that reply sent by Jesus to the inquiry of John the Baptist concerning His Messiahship. From the gloom and dejection of the prison John had sent his message, "Art thou He that should come or do we look for another?" Without entering into the reasons for and the nature of John's doubt at that time, let it be sufficient to say that for a passing moment the great forerunner appears to have wavered in his faith. And this was the assuring answer of Jesus to His friend: "Go and tell John those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up and the poor have the gospel preached to them." And then He added this word, partly by way of warning, partly by way of encouragement, "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me." "Offended!" The Greek word is "scandalizo," from which we get our words scandal, scandalize. Broadus translates it, "finds us cause of stumbling"; Moffat, "repelled by nothing in me"; Weymouth, "who does not stumble and fall because of my claims." "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be scandalized in Christ."

Now what gives point to this word of Jesus is

that it is directed towards His own followers. John was His forerunner, greatest of the great, but something for the moment scandalized John. Of course it goes without saying that the worldling and the wicked are scandalized in Christ. They resent His claims and are repelled by His ideals. They cherish a subtle antagonism against Him. But is it not true that there are times when many of His own are scandalized as well? On one side of their natures they are powerfully attracted to Him. He is their Saviour and Redeemer, their Lord and King. Perhaps they would not surrender Him finally for all the world. But there is a point in His leading which they cannot pass. As they come into closer grips with Him and the conditions of His friendship become apparent, something is made clear that staggers them—some condition He lays down, some demand He imposes, some element in the new life gives them pause and they cannot reconcile themselves to accept it. They are offended in Him.

When we undertake to define that sense of scandal we cannot do better than study the occasions of it as recorded in the Gospels.

I

The exaltation of the commonplace.

First of all, Christ has a way of exalting the commonplace at which His followers stumble. That

appeared very early in His own experience. It was in His own home community at Nazareth where He uttered His sublime truths and did His mighty deeds. And they said—those who knew Him so well and were brought up with Him—"Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's Son? Is not His mother called Mary? and His brethren James and Joses and Simon and Judas? and His sisters are they not all with us? Whence hath this man all these things? And they were offended in Him." Scandalized that one of their own either in pretence or reality should stand in such a place of authority above them. At first one would think it a matter of congratulation that the commonplace should be exalted, that the familiar should be glorified, that the small and weak and insignificant should be singled out for distinction. But it has not proved to be so. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own nation and his own house." So said Jesus, speaking out of His own sad experience, and to this day there is the tendency to discount the commonplace and resent its exaltation in our midst.

Witness, for instance, the spirit of Naaman. Naaman was scandalized when, as a great man, he was required to do a simple thing for his healing, to wash seven times in the Jordan. "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? . . . And he went away in a rage." Religious Israel was scandalized when a

rough, unkempt herdsman from the hills of Tekoa, Amos the prophet, came as the messenger of God to the élite of the nation. Jerusalem was scandalized when Peter and John, fishermen without learning, rebuked the religious authorities of their day. Religious England was scandalized when the Lord went into a bar-room in Gloucester and chose a young man, George Whitefield, and made him a chosen vessel to hear the treasure of prophetic truth to thousands of his generation. That is God's way. He puts His treasure into earthen vessels that the excellency of the power might be of God and not of men: "For you see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many weak are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea and things which are not to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence." There came a day when the whole Church of Christ loved and respected Dwight L. Moody. But it was not so at the beginning. There were many who were scandalized that the Lord should go into a shoe store and lay His hand on a clerk who could not speak grammatical English and make him the mightiest mouthpiece of evangelism in America in the nineteenth century. "Isn't this the shoe clerk?" they said of Moody. "Isn't

this the peasant maid?" they said of Joan of Arc, who to the end of her life could neither read nor write. "Isn't this the gipsy boy?" they said of Gipsy Smith, born in a gipsy wagon by the roadside. "Isn't this the carpenter's Son?" they said of Jesus, the Lord of glory. Blessed are they who do not despise the commonplace, who have eyes to discern the instrument of the Lord's choosing and are not offended in Him for the choosing of it.

II

The disregard of tradition.

Another cause of offence with Christ arises from His utter disregard at times of our cherished traditions and more especially our religious traditions. That was evident in His own day; it is evident in ours. Thus we read in the 15th of Matthew: "Then came to Jesus the scribes and Pharisees which were of Jerusalem, saying, Why do Thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders, for they wash not their hands when they eat bread?" But Jesus proceeds to show them that they rather by their slavery to tradition have transgressed the commandment of God, and He ends with this crushing statement: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man: but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." What was the result of this plain speaking? Here it is: "Then came His disciples

unto Him and said, Knowest thou that the Pharisees were offended after they heard this saying?" We know what lies behind that resentment. It is the disregarding Jesus for the cherished traditions of men. They would not brook even His interference. They were scandalized in Christ.

And Christian people are forever in danger of being enslaved by traditions—traditions that were good enough and necessary in their day but are long since outgrown. With Christ the spirit is always greater than the letter, the commandment of God more sacred than the traditions of men. It is pathetic to think of the time and energy and blood that have been wasted in a fight to save tradition. Time and again God has had to break to pieces the cherished forms of belief or methods of service that He might make room for His spirit. With the hand of an iconoclast He has crashed through the hoary structures of the past to make way for the larger life of the future. But it has never failed to arouse resentment, if not directly against Him, against those who were His pioneers of progress. Traditions die hard and religious traditions hardest of all. Traditionalists fight fiercely and the religious traditionalist fierces of all. He forgets that

> "New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth,
> They must upward still and onward,
> Who would keep abreast of truth."

But the great eras of Christ never come without arousing the antagonism of the Scribe and Pharisee, the champions of the traditions of men.

If ever the Lord broke through the hidebound traditions of our generation, He did so in the birth of the Salvation Army under William Booth. It was as the breath of the spirit, the releasing of a new power of God upon the submerged truth of the Old Land. But what was the first effect? Resentment and opposition—a sense of scandal. Nor was it from the wicked and the worldly that General Booth met his opposition. It was from the religious people who could not part with their traditions. What a scandal it was to march with band and banner in the street in the name of Christ! What a scandal to put up reformed drunkards to testify and preach! What a scandal to penetrate the slums, worship in a hall, and kneel in the street and depart from custom! And they were offended in Him. Blessed is he who has his eyes and his heart open to the new things of God. Blessed is he who forever counts the spirit dearer than the letter and the commandment of God mightier than the tradition of men. He will not be offended in Christ. He will welcome every ongoing of the spirit. He will see that

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

III

The supremacy of the Supernatural.

A third cause of offence with Christ arose from His insistence on the supernatural. Take an instance from the sixth chapter of John which records His sermon on the Bread of Life. It was one of the most mystical of all His utterances. He is stressing the spiritual, exalting the supernatural. He is dealing with the deepest, most mysterious things in the Divine life of man. Here is what He says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." . . . "Many therefore of His disciples, when they had heard this, said This is a hard saying; who can hear it? When Jesus knew in Himself that His disciples murmured at it, He said unto them, Doth this offend you?" Or to use the graphic translation of Moffatt: "So this upsets you." Does it stagger you to think that here a human soul can fellowship with Me and with God through Me? Does it amaze you to think that man can partake of God? Wait! I will tell you of something more mystical and supernatural than that. "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before?" What if a man shall not only hold fellowship with God here but at last

share with God the place of power at His right hand? That's the supernatural with a vengeance! Yet it is true. Does that upset you?

And this insistence on the supernatural does upset a great many people to-day. It irritates them to be all the while compelled to account for life in other than the terms of the natural. Some of that irritation is doubtless caused by some well-meaning but misguided souls who constantly invoke the supernatural in regions and on occasions that lie quite within the realm of the natural. They seem to forget that the natural world is God's as truly as the spiritual. Henry Drummond's phrase, "the natural law in the spiritual world," is quite as true reversed, "the spiritual law in the natural world." There is a type of religious mind that rejects the natural forces and agencies as though they were Satanic and not of God, and is forever mocking the supernatural. It is inevitable that they will bring the supernatural into discredit in the eyes of many. That devout soul who declares that he will seek and accept no other bodily healing than that which comes directly from the miraculous touch of God, not only denies God in the natural but discredits the supernatural as well. Doubtless it is true that God heals at times by special intervention but He is not confined to that. In any case God is the healer whether indirectly by natural means or directly by supernatural. It is a striking fact that in the days of His flesh Jesus was very sparing of the miraculous

and never was He guilty of casting any reflection on those great forces that lie within the reach of men.

But making all due allowance for the mistaken emphasis of misguided souls, it yet remains true that Christianity as Christ revealed it, and the Christian life as He offers it to men, are supremely supernatural. There is in Christianity that which man cannot supply, that which does not come by the will of the flesh, nor the will of man, but from God. And unless Christianity is supernatural, it is superfluous. Does that upset you? Ah, so supremely supernatural is it, that it is by grace we are saved through faith and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should glory. Blessed is the man who is not offended by the presence of the supernatural in Christ!

IV

Of course the most glaring offense of all is the offence of the cross, but that theme would constitute a whole sermon in itself. Of that scandal Paul was fully aware as he faced his generation. "The scandal of the cross" is his phrase as he writes to the Galatians. For the cross condemns our sin, it rebukes our spiritual pride, it strips us of our self-righteousness and casts us on the mercy of God. Such a doctrine will bring forever the sense of scandal to the self-righteous. It was so with Paul himself in his unregenerate days. But the day came when the cross was his chief glory. "God forbid

that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Professor Clow has recalled a closing scene in the life of Henry Drummond. Drummond died in the prime of his manhood, of a disease that caused him untold suffering. But his courage never flagged. He would reach out his hand in welcome though it cost him a spasm of pain. What was it that sustained him? The secret was revealed, though it was long an open secret, a short time before he died. A friend had come in to see him. On the piano he began to play some of the great old hymns of the Church. At last he struck the Scots' Martyrdom and began to sing softly,

> "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
> Or to defend His cause;
> Maintain the honour of His word,
> The glory of His cross."

The dying man joined in the hymn as best he could. When the music ended he looked up with a bright smile and said, "Ah, there's nothing can beat that." It's all there. There's nothing can beat that. "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me."

X

THE UNBOUND WORD

Allan P. Shatford
M.A., D.C.L.

Allan P. Shatford is one of that goodly company of Nova Scotians whose character and ability have proved a strong link in the chain that binds the Maritime Provinces to the rest of Canada. For almost a quarter of a century his life has been bound up with the Church of St. James the Apostle in Montreal, first as curate to the revered Ellegoode, and then, on the latter's death, as Rector. But his influence extends far beyond the bounds of his parish—so much so that his name may properly be coupled with that of Herbert Symonds as the outstanding interpreter of liberal Anglicanism to the life of Eastern Canada. As Grand Master of the Masons of Quebec, as Rotarian, and as public-spirited citizen actively interested in all that makes for the finer things in public and private life, his personality is written deep into the life of the Metropolis. His vigorous Christianity found ample scope in the chaplaincy service during the war, with the result that he was honored by the King with the O. B. E.

The following sermon was preached in Montreal on a Sunday evening in early May, and was broadcasted by radio. Many letters of appreciation were received from long distances, the linking of the subject with the broadcasting evidently contributing to the impression of the message itself. The ringing directness of the message, its close application to life, its fine grip of the realities of things as they are, give some clue to the influence which Dr. Shatford exerts both as a preacher and as a man.

X

THE UNBOUND WORD

ALLAN P. SHATFORD, M.A., D.C.L.
CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE, MONTREAL

2 Timothy ii:9. "*The word of God is not bound.*"

The man who wrote this text was a prisoner at the time. He refers somewhat mournfully to his "bonds." His wrists were manacled, his feet were shackled to an iron ball. In a dark dungeon he found it difficult to write and tradition informs us that he suffered from weak eyes. All these limitations made it hard for him to write freely to his favorite disciple. But as he thought about his own imprisonment he suddenly drops into his favorite method of paradox and declares that "there is no prison for the Word of God." It was a joy to him to be able to make this splendid declaration. The contrast between his own confinement and the freedom of God's Word gave him opportunity to enlarge upon the unrestrained influence of the spiritual forces.

If I were to search for a suitable illustration to

picture the freedom of the Word, could I do better than refer to the broadcasting of this service? Usually our worship is shut in by the walls of this church. Only those who are present in the congregation can share in the prayers and hymns and listen to the exposition of the Word. But to-night by the aid of this latest discovery, there will be many hundreds enjoying the service. People a thousand miles away will hear everything as plainly as you do. In fact they will receive the Word before you do, because the radio carries it with the speed of light, while you have to depend upon the slower movement of sound. No barriers can stop the Hertzian waves. They will travel over land and sea, lake and mountain, cities and villages, until the very intonation of the preacher's voice will be recognized. A test was recently made that proves the marvel of this broadcasting. An instrument was set up within a steel vault under the ground but the music came through the solid barriers with the utmost ease. Truly, "the Word of God is not bound." Letters have come to me from friends who had not heard me speak for years but they immediately recognized my voice before they were told what station was broadcasting.

Thus is science once more proving an ally to religion. To people lying on beds of pain will these hymns and prayers to-night bring their message of comfort. Recently I received a letter from a

"shut-in" who had not heard a Church of England service for years and the joy that radiated from every line of that epistle filled my heart with thankfulness that God is once again demonstrating the utter freedom of His Holy Word.

I

The subject, then, is timely and may enforce some things that we have strangely forgotten concerning the Word of God. I suppose the phrase immediately links itself in your mind with the Scriptures. You think of the Holy Bible and believe that and that only to be the Word of God.

Whilst the Bible *is* the Word of God, I want first of all to say that *the Word is not bound up within the covers of a Book.* The Scriptures are no prison-house for the Word of God. It was the late Dean Farrar who discovered this startling fact, that whereas the phrase "Word of God" occurs three hundred times in the Bible, in no single instance does it refer to the Scriptures. In the New Testament there is never a passage where the Old Testament is called the "Word of God." What does that teach us except this, that the "Word of God" is not a matter of revered paper and ink, but a spiritual energy, a holy vitality, that manifests itself in a thousand different forms. There is such a thing as the natural Word. When God speaks to us in flower and field, in the starried heavens, in the

flame of the setting sun, in the music of the spheres, the songs of birds and the sighing of winds—

> "I bent upon the ground
> And I heard a quiet sound
> Which the grasses make when they
> Come up laughing from the clay.
>
> " 'We the voice of God,' they said:
> Thereupon I bent my head
> Down again that I might see
> If they truly spoke to me.
>
> "But around me everywhere
> Grass and tree and mountain were
> Thundering in a mighty glee,
> 'We are the voice of Deity.'
>
> "And I leapt from where I lay,
> I danced upon the laughing clay,
> And to the rock that sang beside,
> 'We are the voice of God,' I cried."

When Paul used the phrase in my text he was not referring to the Bible, for as yet the New Testament was not written, nor was the Old Testament bound together in its present form. He was giving the title a much nobler and fuller content; nothing less than that spiritual energy which pervades the universe.

We must not even say that in other sacred litera-

ture there is no Word of God. Whilst for us that Sacred Volume which we lovingly call "the Bible" stands above all other holy books, we must be willing to recognize that "God never left Himself without witness" in any age or among any people. Whatever of good there is anywhere in the sweep of the ages belongs to God; it is the utterance of Himself.

In moving song and reverent art, in carved stone of shrine and cathedral, in every material form that serves the interests of men, God is speaking. I am unwilling to confine the sacredness of music to the hymn book—in fact, one often hears the Word of God more clearly in songs that have never been admitted into our liturgies than in some of the cheap and untrue phrases of popular hymns. Let us keep our ears and souls sensitive to His Word whether it comes whispering in the night wind or crashing in the thunders of His wrath against the sins of humanity.

II

It is true again that *the Word of God is not bound up in speech.* Have you not often experienced the difficulty of trying to express in the language of another people the desires of your heart?

Perhaps you were in a foreign country and you found your thoughts imprisoned! You could not make known your slightest wants! That is painful enough, but the limitations of your own speech

must have often baffled you. You tried with all the earnestness of your soul to convey your inmost thoughts to your friend but you found language a poor vehicle. Tennyson tells us that "words do but half conceal and half reveal" and most of us can endorse his statement. Among the wonders of religion has been the translation of the Bible into nearly seven hundred forms of speech! The miracle of Pentecost has become a commonplace in these modern days, for every man can hear the Word of God in his own language. But great as that wonder is, it does not exhaust the miracles! For though to-night the Word will be preached in every corner of the earth, it is not even "bound up" in a thousand dialects. There will be souls who will know its comfort and rejoice in its power who hear no sound—the Word will come to them without the need of vocables! Deaf people will experience it, dumb folk will glory in it, blind children will see its treasures and bask in its light. There will be other souls so refined and spiritually cultured that they will require no spoken syllable to bring to them the priceless consolation of God's Word. This invisible, intangible, inaudible Word will find its way to countless hearts.

III

Let me say, in the third place, that *the Word of God is not bound within any organization.* We do

not want to depreciate the magnificent work done by societies and institutions for the circulation of the Word. We honour every one of them! Who can measure the contribution of the British and Foreign Bible Society? There are scores of agencies for the dissemination of the Word and we give thanks for them all. Over and above all of them we place the Christian Church. But what I am anxious now to emphasize is the freedom of every soul in its approach to the Word and the right of every child of God to receive without restraints the Word of God. Time was when no such privilege was granted. The Church declared itself the "Keeper of Holy Writ" and the right of private interpretation was denied. What story is so thrilling as the struggle of our forefathers for the free possession of the Scriptures? Who is not stirred to-day with anger when he reads the tale of destroyed Bibles because it was believed that the unhindered reading of the Word would be prejudicial to religion? We keep this year the four hundredth anniversary of William Tyndale. This saint of God, who desired to give the Scriptures in the tongue of the people, was exiled from his own country and finally hanged and burned because he dared to make free the Word of God. There are still those who hold that the Word is confined within the organization and can only be interpreted by the officers and authorities of the Church. If the "Word of God" is the spiritual energy that we are declaring it to be, how

can it be restrained or set within iron barriers? Each soul must be responsible before God for the reception of that Word. No power of man must intervene to withhold the Word. We honour the scholars and teachers of the Church and we gladly listen to their counsels and treasure the heritages we have received from them but we must decline to grant them the sole right of revealing the Word. "The Spirit shall guide you into all truth" and the Spirit is the undisputed possession of every child of God. The Word of God may come, and has come again and again, to people who owned no allegiance to any Church. Whilst the Church is the normal channel of God's grace to men we dare not set limits to the operation and influence of the Spirit. There are too many instances of the Word breaking through all barriers and overflowing all banks for us to presume to set bounds which it cannot pass. The church is not the gaoler of the Word.

IV

Again, let us declare that the *Word of God is not bound up in any one personality.* We have talked of the natural and the spoken and the written word. Let us now turn our thoughts to the Incarnate Word. The very best way in which the Word can be revealed is through personality. Is it not impressive the way man has always wanted to embody his thoughts? He did not find the spoken

word satisfactory—too much was left out. Goethe says, "The highest cannot be spoken." Coventry Patmore said: "What's best worth saying cannot be said." That has always been the limit of language, so man has tried to express himself in act. It is strangely true that we can act or live what we cannot say. That is why Christianity is a life rather than a creed. There are some things which simply elude definition and statement but they can be manifested through personality. We can now understand why it was that after God had endeavored to declare Himself through patriarchs and prophets He finally revealed Himself in His Son.

Jesus is the "Word of God." Those opening verses of St. John's Gospel tell the whole wondrous story. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God. . . . And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us." The final and complete revelation is in personality. The artist may paint and the sculptor carve and the architect build but they cannot fully declare themselves in these ways. The author may write and the orator speak and the musicians sing, but these are not the deepest revealings of themselves. Only when a man gathers himself up in all his character and repeats himself in his child, do you get a full manifestation. The Son is the Word of the Father. So Jesus is the Son of God, the Incarnate Word of the Father.

Humanity came to its flower in Jesus. When God delivered His final Word Jesus was born. But now we must go on to say that the Word of God is not imprisoned in the life of Jesus. We must not hesitate to claim for every true man that he is the Word of God. The Master made no separation between Himself and us. He declared again and again that we are all the sons of God. The one fundamental doctrine of His life was the identity of The Father with His children. He insisted that man belonged to God and that all were His (Jesus') brethren. Theologians have been so anxious to preserve the divinity of Jesus that they have sacrificed His full humanity and they have obscured the fact that we also are divine. That there are vast differences between Jesus and the best of other men, any superficial observer can understand, but we must never allow that difference to dim the truth which He so constantly reiterated, that man is God's child, His word, and that in Jesus we have not only the Pattern but also the Power of completely realizing and incarnating the Word. The Incarnation is not a solitary fact in history, it is a continual process. Whenever men are living at their best you have the Word Incarnate. Nay, let us assert the whole truth and affirm that every noble impulse is so far an Incarnation of the Word. Even in a life streaked with sin and failure, whatever is high and good in it, is a Word of God. How can there be any goodness or truth or beauty which are not

God's Word? St. Paul had the right idea when he declared: "Ye are our epistle, known and read of all men." He set more store by incarnate epistles than by those glorious letters which are the Church's heritage. Does it stir no ambition in your souls, my friends, to believe that you are Words of God whenever you are living at your best? The best man is always the truest man. Sometimes when one hears apologies made for human frailties on the ground that "to err is human," he asks what Christ would think of such a saying. If it be true, then the more errors we make the greater proof we give of our humanity. Jesus would have scorned so base an idea and lifted man up to his true origin. "Trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our home."

V

In a final word let us declare with holy confidence that *the Word of God is not bound by any oppositions*. No might of man can stay its onward march. Kingdoms have opposed it and they have crumbled into dust at its terrific impact. Giants have dared to lift their hands against it but they have died crying, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean." Sin has ranged its powers in opposition but its cords have snapped under the Samson strength of the Word. Indifference and pleasure have ranked their forces against it but they have melted like icebergs

in a summer sea. How then shall *we* escape if we neglect so great a salvation? My friends, this Word will find you out, you cannot finally escape its power. If there are any of you who fear that sin may have placed you outside the reach of the Word, let me assure you that there is no depth it cannot reach and no chains it cannot break. If you have been struggling on under a crushing load, let me hasten to declare the lifting power of the Word. You are only half living so long as you close your heart to its enlivening grace. "Oh, taste and see how gracious the Lord is!" Let His Word be a lamp to your feet and a light to your path. There is no condition which it cannot remedy, there is no slavery which it cannot free, there is no joy that it cannot bring to you. "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom."

Make peace with it this night! As the free winds sweep down from the hills and drive away every foul and poisonous thing, so the free Word of God will blow out of your life everything that hinders the completeness of your humanity. You will then enter "into the glorious liberty of the children of God" and your one passion will be to tell others of the power and sweetness that have glorified your life.

"Lord of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy word:

O let the gospel sound
All the wide world around
Wherever man is found;
God speed His word.

"Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's Holy Word:
One for His Truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield His word.

"Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force:
God is before;
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noonday sun:
His purpose must be done:
God bless His word."

XI

SPIRITUAL DESCENT

George Campbell Pidgeon
D.D.

George Campbell Pidgeon represents in its happiest form the combination of the scholar, the preacher and the administrator. Born in the Province of Quebec, he was trained in McGill University and the Presbyterian College of Montreal, being ordained to the ministry in 1894. After serving with distinction churches in Montreal, Streetsville and Toronto, he was called to the chair of Practical Theology in Westminster Hall, Vancouver. Thence he came in 1915 to the pastorate of what was in many respects the banner Presbyterian Church of Canada, Bloor Street Church in Toronto. From that pulpit his voice has rung out with ever increasing power and influence for the last ten years. As President of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance, President of the Social Service Council of Canada, Chairman of the Moral Reform Committee of the Presbyterian Church, Convener of the Assembly's Board of Home Missions and of the Church Union Committee, he has had ample scope for the exercise of the powers of organization and administration with which he is so richly endowed. His election to the Moderator's chair in the final Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was the seal of the confidence his own people had learned to place in him, and his elevation to the position of first Moderator of the new United Church of Canada bears eloquent testimony to the love he has come to command in wider circles.

As a preacher his greatest characteristic is probably that trait which so richly marks his manhood,—his winsomeness. With far more virility than Jowett ever possessed, he combines a "sweet reasonableness" which is distinctly reminiscent of the great English preacher. Small wonder that learned and unlearned alike crowd to his services and find in the message and the man the answer to most of the questions which life forces them to face!

XI

SPIRITUAL DESCENT

GEORGE CAMPBELL PIDGEON, D.D.
BLOOR ST. UNITED CHURCH, TORONTO

Philippians iii:3. "We are the circumcision, who worship by the spirit of God, and glory in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh."

I

A few weeks ago the *Continent* began its leading editorial with the question,—"Is Christianity a rock in the stream or a root in the soil of the centuries?" You see the significance of the figures. Both rock and root are fixed. There is always something immovable in religion. One resists the element about it; the other lives by it. The rock is not only immovable but unchangeable; the root lives by change and dies directly it ceases to grow.

The Jews treated revealed religion as a rock; Paul thought of it as a living organism. Both root and rock were different from the world in which they were placed, but the rock existed apart from it, the root grew into it and lived by assimilating it. The one continued unchangeable; its identity de-

pended on sameness of substance and form: the life of the other was continually developing and manifesting itself in ever changing forms, and its identity in the different stages of its growth could be recognized only through a knowledge of the life within, whose continuity necessitated repeated transformations. Both the Jews and Paul were nearer the truth than they knew. Judaism, once a living root, had become petrified into a hard legal system, and growth was no longer possible; a portion of the root had escaped, and had grown and appeared as Christianity. The Jews claimed that because they retained the old externals they had the old religion, blind to the fact that the once-living fibre had turned to stone; Paul claimed that the luxuriant faith that grew from the old root was the original life of God in the soul of man, different only as the tree is different from that out of which it sprang.

II

Men will always disagree as to what constitutes identity,—sameness of form or continuity of life. If the latter, it cannot be the former, because life means growth, and growth means change in appearance and quality and function. The Jews of the first century said,—We are Abraham's heirs because we are his descendants, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Paul answered in Romans ix:6-13,—nat-

ural descent does not necessarily mean spiritual affinity. Ishmael was Abraham's child and yet Ishmael was outside the covenant. Esau was the son of Isaac and Rebecca, twin brother to Jacob, and yet Esau had no share in the promise into the full possession of which Jacob entered. It was spiritual incapacity that shut out both Ishmael and Esau; they missed the blessing because they had no place for it in their lives; kinship in blood did not mean sameness of soul. So, Paul argued, it is now. The Jewish people are Abraham's seed according to the flesh, but that does not in itself constitute them his spiritual heirs. As a matter of fact they had rejected their own Messiah and shut themselves out of His Kingdom, whose spiritual wealth and power they simply could not see. When they said,—we have the covenant because we observe the rite of circumcision which is its sign and seal, Paul answered,—Circumcision and the covenant represent a spiritual relationship, and the outward sign means nothing to those who are blind to its inner significance. Natural descent does not involve spiritual kinship; you may have the one without the other. The spiritual wealth of the centuries will pass by many whose fathers accumulated it, because they have not the discernment of soul that apprehends its worth. On the other hand, aliens by birth may become sons of the Spirit, and enter into its possession. Speaking in the name of a Gentile Church in whom dwelt the Spirit of Jesus, he exclaimed,—

"We are the circumcision, who worship by the Spirit of God, and glory in Christ Jesus and have no confidence in the flesh."

III

May I point out how often that issue has arisen in the history of religion? In Jeremiah xxvii and xxviii there is the account of a controversy between Jeremiah and Hananiah, the latter the head of the prophetic order and their representative in court and temple. Jeremiah had been going around with a yoke on his neck to illustrate the subjection of Judah to the king of Babylon. The king had been put on the throne by Nebuchadnezzar and reigned as his vassal, but a large section of the people were agitating for a revolt against Babylon and an alliance with Egypt, and Jeremiah's words and symbolic acts were in opposition to this policy which he foresaw would be fatal. Hananiah took the field against him, and one day in the temple, before a concourse of the priests and people, he declared:—

"Thus speaketh Jehovah of hosts, the God of Israel, saying, I have broken the yoke of the king of Babylon. Within two full years will I bring again into this place all the vessels of Jehovah's house, that Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon took away from this place, and carried to Babylon: and I will bring again to this place Jeconiah the son of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, with all the captives of

Judah, that went to Babylon, saith Jehovah; for I will break the yoke of the king of Babylon."

What is the situation behind it all? When the Assyrian threatened Jerusalem Isaiah had declared that the holy city was inviolable. The shrine of Jehovah, he maintained, would not be profaned by the feet of the heathen. He held this faith fast even when the Assyrian hordes had overrun Judah and swept up to the walls of the city, insolently demanding its surrender, and God had vindicated his faith by the miraculous destruction of Sennacherib's army. This fact and principle was the corner-stone of Hananiah's faith. Nebuchadnezzar, however, had taken their city but a short time before, had carried off their king and many of their people captive, and had also taken away with him a number of the sacred vessels from the Temple of Jehovah. This was a rude shock to their complacency. The only way that Hananiah could see of reconciling Isaiah's belief with this calamity was to declare that within two years Nebuchadnezzar's power would be shattered, and Judah's king and people and the sacred vessels restored to Jerusalem. Jeremiah answered,—"Amen! The Lord do so!" May all be brought back again! But only the event can vindicate a message like that, and we must await the testimony of fact. Then Hananiah went forward before the throng, pulled the yoke off Jeremiah's neck and dramatically broke it before them, and reaffirmed his confidence in Judah's speedy release.

Jeremiah was silenced. The enthusiasm of a patriotic multitude was against him. But soon a fresh inspiration swept over his soul,—"Go and tell Hananiah, saying, Thus saith Jehovah: Thou hast broken the bars of wood; but thou hast made in their stead bars of iron. For thus saith Jehovah of hosts, the God of Israel: I have put a yoke of iron upon the neck of all these nations, that they may serve Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon; and they shall serve him: and I have given him the beasts of the field also." The unspeakable horrors of the siege and captivity which soon followed were a tragic vindication of Jeremiah's stand.

Which was Isaiah's spiritual successor—the man who held to his conclusions or the man who caught his inspiration? Was not Isaiah's richest contribution the opening of the heart of man to the Spirit of God, even though the new message reversed the old? God soon showed the real prophet that what was true in Isaiah's time was not true later, but the fact that He revealed the truth of the situation showed that God was with His people still. There is no more dramatic illustration in history of the line:—"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth." When you commit a seed to the soil you must leave the life free to produce its own organism; you cannot determine its form in advance. Those who would be inspired must accept the truth as it is sent, and must not try to shape a living message as they would shape

molten metal by the moulds of preconceived ideas. God will be faithful, and only by His truth can we live.

IV

The same issue in the same form reappeared at the Reformation. The great reformers scorned the idea that they were bringing a new church into being; they were the true Catholic Church, reformed and revived. The Roman Church had the outward form,—the apostolic succession, and the unbroken continuity of organization, but she had become corrupt and the word of truth and life it was no longer hers to speak. She was apostate, the Reformers declared, and they themselves the true heirs of the past. Who were the people of God then, and what made them such? If identity depends on unchangeableness of form, the Romanists were, beyond a doubt; that Church has ever been like a rock in a stream, withstanding the currents of thought and life, itself unmoved and always the same. But if identity depends on life, that free vital energy which ever adopts new forms and adapts itself to its environment, then as unquestionably the churches of the Reformation are the heirs of the past and the custodians of its spiritual treasure. They held that the open mind and heart of God into which all might enter was the living element in religion, and they followed fearlessly the inspiration of their own day.

That freedom and inspiration is what they have bequeathed to us. And just as in Jeremiah's day, the true successor of the prophet is not the one who holds fast his conclusions, crystallizes them into dogma, and requires all to preserve them intact on pain of everlasting death; it is the one on whom the mantle of his spirit falls, who catches God's message for his own day, and follows it as freely and fearlessly as his fathers did.

Three of the Churches of Canada have recently taken steps of grave importance. What do they mean? Whereto do they lead? We have committed ourselves to the leading and inspiration of the indwelling Spirit. Not the outward but the inward is to shape our future. Ours is the freedom and continuity of life. There is no break with the past; we grow out of the past. We are free to adapt ourselves to life as we find it. Religion is not a thing apart from the world about us,—a casket of jewels handed down from the past to be preserved intact no matter what the need; religion is life which like a root grows into the world, drawn from it and develops by what it assimilates. Religion is itself the means of the world's development in all that is worthy and enduring.

V

If then our religion is a root in the soil rather than a rock in the stream of the centuries, if its growth is

that of the plant rather than the crystal, certain things follow.

1. It was transplanted from other countries into our land. It is literally true that the root was lifted out of the soil of the homeland and planted under Canadian skies. We can change the figure just a little and apply to them Christ's saying:—"Unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains a single grain: but if it dies, it bears rich fruit." (John xii:24.) Because the seed of life eternal is not the word apart from the man who receives it, nor the believer apart from his message, but the living word in a living soul, who gives himself to others that that life may be reproduced in them. How those men from the motherland did give themselves that this nation might be Christ's! When I was in New Brunswick as a missionary in 1890, I met everywhere stories of an old minister named Donald who had labored in southern New Brunswick in its early days. In all seasons he carried to them the word of life. They used to tell me that in winter he would drive his horses until the roads became too cruelly heavy to drive them any longer; then he would put them up and go on afoot visiting the people, preaching wherever he could get them together, and withal living a life of such saintliness that his very presence brought a sense of God.

I had always thought of my own father as a pioneer on the Gaspé Coast—not a minister, as one of

the papers said the other day, but a minister's son and a farmer who hewed his own farm out of the forest and contributed his full share to the development of the land. He told me once that when he was young he was driving down that coast and was overtaken by a storm which drove him to shelter. He was hospitably received, a place provided for his team and the home opened to himself, and after the meal was over and they were sitting by the fire in the evening, his aged hostess asked his name. When she heard it she told him that often as a girl she had heard and been helped by his father, who had travelled up and down that coast as a missionary in the second decade of the century. I wonder, can we in our sheltered lives form any idea of what it meant for that newcomer from the old land to minister to the people on that rough and stormy coast in the early years of the Nineteenth Century, and not only present but represent to them God's meaning and purpose for men? Think of Dr. James Robertson at a later date, travelling by day and night over the plains, and refusing even to take a sleeper for the reason that he would not indulge in such luxury while his men were sacrificing on the frontier that the Church might be established there. He died before his time because the urgency of the country's spiritual need would not let him rest. Pioneers of Methodism and Congregationalism have as heroic a record and produced as rich results. These men considered the cause of

Christ so infinitely worth while and saw so clearly that the life of the nation depended on it, that they gave themselves as the seed, willing to die that the divine life might grow.

2. When the life was thus planted, they expected it as it grew to build up its own organism. They did not attempt to dictate what its form was to be. They wanted their sons to be Christian, but they did not insist that they should express their Christianity as their fathers did. When the Anti-Burghers of Scotland sent James McGregor to Nova Scotia, they told him that they were sending him to make Christians, not Anti-Burghers. These men were the root to be buried in the soil; the glorious growth of the future would have a form and beauty of its own. They knew right well that the new conditions of a new land would bring out a Christian life peculiarly its own.

Have you ever seen the broom abloom on the Pacific Coast? It is clearly the same shrub as you find in the old land, and it bears the same flowers, but it is taller and bigger and the bloom more luxuriant by far, and when it comes out in early spring the countryside is a blaze of splendor. The other night Professor Coleman threw on the screen a picture of some fruit that grows in the Rockies. They looked as large and luscious as grapes, but they were our native blueberries, growing wherever the ground was cleared for them, and both the fruit and the bushes that bore it larger

than we dream of here. It was the same plant in a new land, responding to the peculiar quality of the country and its climate with a development peculiarly its own. The same law governs the growth of our religion. The same divine life quickens us as our fathers had; we received it from them. But the old spirit in a new race will appear in new forms. How can it be alive without change? Why is it necessary to have the same names, precisely the same organization, the same cleavages, and the same formulæ when we live in new conditions, face new problems, fight new foes, and aim at new ideals? Will not the very fact of vitality force originality on us if we are in any way true to ourselves?

When Dr. James Robertson began his work in the West, certain Presbyters complained that there was no place in Presbyterianism for a Superintendent. There may have been no place in the system for a Superintendent, but there certainly was a place in the life of the West for James Robertson, and no step which a Christian church ever took received more abundant justification. It will be so with any other changes that the needs of the Kingdom demand. Do not be afraid. We have committed ourselves to the freedom of the spirit, loyal to the God who breathed it forth, and expressing its own inner nature in all that it is and does. Our fathers insisted that their differences should not be imposed on us here, and set out to remove from Canada's

religious life everything that the needs of the country did not call for, and by so doing they laid new stress on the truths and principles necessary to its higher life; and we, with the same daring and assured of the same inspiration, will go forward to adapt the truth of the Gospel to the needs of those around us.

3. As a life Christianity assimilates the elements in which it grows. The rock and the stream are wholly separate from one another. The rock resists the current, the water wears the rock, but neither enters the other's being. That was what Judaism thought of itself in a heathen land. It was wholly apart from the world about it, uninfluenced by it and largely uninfluencing it. It might win a few out of the world to itself, but it did not aim to change the world in so doing. Many have the Jewish idea of religion as something completely apart from the world and standing over against it to pronounce judgment upon it. For them to be influenced by the world is to be destroyed.

The root, on the other hand, is as different in substance and quality from the soil as the stone is from the water, but it forms vital connections with it. From the soil and air and moisture it draws in materials to build up its own organism, transforming them into its own nature as it does so, and in turn affected by them. This was Christianity in its early days. The Greek and Roman world, in which it was planted, was laid under tribute to build up

its life. The Roman Empire in the thought of Paul is an interesting study. It fascinated his imagination. Its power, its world-wide sovereignty, its law and order, taught him the possibilities of the Gospel in all these directions. From the government of the cities he drew ideas for the government of his churches. The great words of the thought of his time he appropriated, but in doing so he Christianized them, and the old term is given a Christian content. So did those who followed him. The first verse of John's Gospel; "in the beginning was the Word" gives us an expression laden with the thought of his time, and here used to express the place and part of Christ in the world and its salvation. As the centuries went on Christianity assimilated new ideas from every race it won. Teutonic ideals of family life strengthened the Church's doctrine on this subject. So in the Reformation days all that the new learning could give was laid under tribute to build up the doctrine and polity of the church, and in turn it stimulated and strengthened them. In our time scientific research, both in its bold spirit of inquiry and its wonderful discoveries, is deeply influencing Christian life and thought, and is making the truth more real and vitalizing than ever it was before. Nothing in the life of our time is a matter of indifference to religion; as a living organism rooted in the world, it lays all under tribute to serve God's eternal ends.

VI

What will the result be? The fruit God requires. The rock may last for centuries, but the influence of the elements tends only to destroy it; the plant, acted on by the same forces, responds by growth and fruitfulness. If the life be vigorous this cannot but be its result. The Church lives to serve. Christ asked the Judaism of His day to give up its own life for the world's salvation, and by refusing it lost the life it sought to save. The Church must do the same now. Sacrifice is the way to the fullest life and to the service to others which God requires for perfecting His Kingdom.

XII

THE GEOMETRY OF LIFE

W. H. Sedgewick
D.D.

Irrespective of other cities in which he may live, W. H. Sedgewick will for long be thought of as "Sedgewick of Hamilton." It is in that city that his name as a preacher has been fully established: it is in that city that his long and brilliant pastorate has given him a place that few others can hope to claim: it is from that city that the influence of his courteous and gracious personality has radiated to other centres: it is from that city that he has come with the halo of the martyr on his brow, through his voluntary surrender of the pastorate of the wealthy and important Central Church for the sake of his loyalty to the ideal of the United Church. Fortunately, however, he stands on the threshold of an even wider influence than he has yet commanded. For the present year he is serving as stated supply in that place of unrivalled opportunity, St. James' in Montreal, and when the year is over he is to assume the pastorate of the historic Metropolitan in Toronto.

In his preaching, as in his life, Dr. Sedgewick is always the scholar, always the gentleman. A broad knowledge of men and books combines with a sensitive idealism to give his sermons an almost poetic atmosphere to which many aspire but few attain. But it is the poetic spirit of Browning, not Tennyson, with which Dr. Sedgewick's soul is touched, for the element of fire and vigor is ever present, and sometimes it breaks out in flaming passages that cannot be forgotten in their force and power. The religious life of both Montreal and Toronto cannot fail to be greatly enriched by his presence.

XII

THE GEOMETRY OF LIFE

W. H. Sedgewick, D.D.
ST. JAMES UNITED CHURCH, MONTREAL

Ezekiel i:28. "*And when I saw it, I fell upon my face.*"
Ezekiel ii:1. "*And He said unto me, Son of Man, stand upon thy feet.*"
Ezekiel iii:15. "*And I sat where they sat.*"

We are to have a lesson in Geometry—the Geometry of Life. I want to put upon the blackboard, so that all may see it, the Triangle of Life's Fundamental Attitudes.

The thing, of course, has often been done. It was done in the eighth century before Christ by Micah, the Hebrew prophet, in what Sir George Adam Smith describes as the greatest saying in the Old Testament: "He hath showed thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." It was done in the first Christian century by St. Paul in his incomparable hymn: "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." And it was done in the nineteenth century after Christ by Henry

Drummond, in his interpretation of Millet's "Angelus." You remember the scene which the painting depicts—a very homely and, at first glance, prosaic scene: a potato-field and two figures, a man and a woman, surrounded by the implements of their toil. Away across the level landscape you see a village with the church-spire rising above the lowly roofs. It is evening, and the bell has rung out its call to prayer. And there they stand, these peasant folk, with bowed heads and folded hands, in the attitude of worship. There, says Drummond, are the three elements of a complete life—work, God and love. The field, the spade, the basket, the barrow—there is work; the bowed heads and folded hands—there is religion; the two, a man and a woman, whatever be their relationship—there is love.

The Triangle of Life's Fundamental Attitudes, as we are to study it just now, is outlined for us in the most fantastic—at times almost grotesque—book in the Bible. I mean, of course, the prophecy of Ezekiel. But Ezekiel's Triangle is neither fantastic nor grotesque. It is drawn with all the accuracy of a true geometrician. Let me read to you the several verses wherein the three sides of the Triangle appear.

Chapter one, verse twenty-eight: "And when I said it, I fell upon my face."

Chapter two, verse one: "And He said unto me, Son of Man, stand upon thy feet."

Chapter three, verse fifteen: "And I sat where they sat."

What have we? Humility, Self-respect, Sympathy—these three; the Triangle of Life's Fundamental Attitudes. Towards God—humility; towards one's self—respect; towards others—sympathy. Let us study the Triangle.

I

Humility:—"And when I saw it, I fell upon my face." Saw what? "The appearance of the likeness of the Glory of God." When I saw that, says Ezekiel, I fell upon my face.

That is something which is always happening when men see God. Open your Bible where you will, and you will find the sons of men, smitten by the sudden Glory of the King, falling upon their faces to the earth. Is it Moses? He heard, in his soul, at the place of the bush, a voice that made him take off the very shoes from off his feet. All self-regarding vanity died out of him in that holy presence. Is it Isaiah? "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the Temple." And the sight of that "sweepy garment, vast and white," with a hem that he could recognize, filled Isaiah's soul with a holy hush. Is it Daniel, the puritan of the Old Testament? "And when He came, I was afraid, and fell upon my face." Nor is the attitude changed when we come

to the New Testament. Religion must always mean something different, since grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. Yet, on the Damascus road, we see Saul prostrated to the earth by the sudden light of Glory, and over in the Apocalypse, we find John on Patmos fallen upon his face. "When I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead." John, Saul, Daniel, Isaiah, Moses, Ezekiel,—separated by wide tracts of time, with temperaments greatly diverse, all of them are one in their attitude towards the Divine.

"Humility," says Tennyson, "is the only true attitude of the human soul." It is, in the presence of God. It has been one of the tasks of religious ethics to enumerate the sins by which the human soul is beset, to search out their subtlety, and to single out the most insidious in the warfare against the soul. As the result of many centuries of observation, seven sins have been agreed upon as the subtlest and worst. And the sin which by common consent heads the list of the Seven Deadly Sins is —Pride.

At first blush, this may seem surprising. I imagine that most of us fear and loathe other sins far more than we loathe and fear pride. Few of us, perhaps, drawing up a list of the Deadly Sins, would make pride the leader and chieftain. Reflection, however, will persuade us that the schoolmen are right. Pride is the first of sins. Pride is the first sin met with in the records—"by that sin fell the angels;" and the outstanding characteristic of the

leader of the fallen angels, as Milton depicts that tragic drama, is arrogance. "Better," he cries, "to reign in hell than serve in heaven." Pride was the undoing of our first parents. "Ye shall be as Gods," whispered the tempter, and to that lure they fell. "Pride," said St. Thomas Aquinas, "is the most grievous of all sins, because it exceeds them all in the turning away from God, which is the crowning constituent of all sin."

This explains something which must have struck us all in reading the Gospels. We have all observed how merciful Jesus is towards certain sins that we excoriate, and how severe He is upon sins that we condone. He makes friends with a penitent adulteress: He can hardly abandon the treacherous Judas. But there are two sins which He paints jet black: the first is the sin of anxiety; the second is the sin of conceit. Not the adulteress nor the betrayer seems so hopelessly far gone as the man who knows it all and the man who lives as if God were dead. "I believe," says Ruskin, "that the first test of a truly great man is his humility." That is a truly Christian judgment. Ruskin learned it of Jesus who lashes nothing as He does this "devil's darling sin." Pride is pilloried by Jesus because it really closes the door against any possible salvation. One rises from reading the Gospels feeling with Augustine that "well nigh the whole substance of the Christian discipline is humility." One rises from reading the Gospels with a prayer for humility

upon one's lips. Who can stand beside the Bethlehem manger and still be proud? Who can stand beside the Carpenter's bench in Nazareth and still be proud? Who can stand beside the Cross on Calvary and still be proud?

II

Self-respect:— "And I heard a voice of one that spake. And He said unto me, Son of Man, stand upon thy feet." Upon thy feet, not prone upon thy face! Not in an attitude of humiliation, but in the attitude of self-respect! Not stripped of all conscious worth, but strong in the intelligent consciousness of worth! Not prostrate upon the ground, but erect and alert, ready to co-operate with the living God when He speaks!

Humility is not to be cultivated at the expense of self-respect. There is a proper self-respect easily distinguished from that pride by which the angels fell. Humility must not be supposed to mean doubt of one's own worth. Sir Isaac Newton was a humble man. Said he: "I do not know what I may appear to the world: but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." Yet Newton never doubted his own powers; he knew that he had worked out a problem or two that

would have puzzled any one else. He stood upon his feet, and God spake to him revealing to him the secrets of His universe.

Professor Dowden, in writing of Milton's view of the intercourse between God and the soul, remarks —"There are two humilities—that which bows and that which soars: the humility of a servant who looks down, the humility of a son who gazes up. Milton's humility invigorates itself in the effort to ascend." Milton, that is to say, was "humbly-proud"—humble in view of the eternal and infinite plans of God: proud, as called to a possible and an imperishable work in the world. And "humbly-proud" must be every right-minded man. "Stand upon thy feet." "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." God can hold no converse with the man who is puffed up with empty pride: but cultivate the grace of a true self-courtesy and God will speak with you and use you.

Let me, then, with all loving seriousness, as one whose sole aim in preaching is to safeguard life and character, warn you against whatever is calculated to lower your self-respect. Let me, in particular, warn you against feeding your mind with the kind of food that lowers your view of human nature, that makes you think contemptuously of it, that breeds in you a cheap and easy cynicism. For you cannot despise human nature and respect yourself. Avoid then, in your reading and in your entertainment, that which, for all its seductive brightness and

laughter, lowers your outlook upon the world of men and women. There is a vast deal of that kind of stuff being produced. You cannot afford to feed your mind upon it. For, as Nietzsche once said, "if you look long enough into the abyss, the abyss will begin to look into you."

And let me farther warn you against debasing associations. Ask yourself, whenever a new association knocks at the door seeking admission to your life—"Is this worthy of me?" Ask that question, understand me, not with any hateful assumption of superiority, not as a prig or as a Pharisee, but as a pilgrim of eternity, entrusted with an invaluable treasure, a soul that must be kept in all purity and honour.

Walter Pater has written the story of Marius the Epicurean. Marius acted as amanuensis to Marcus Aurelius. The story opens with Marius as a little boy leaving home for school. His mother wanted to say something to him as a last instruction, but did not know what to say—and there is nothing more difficult than to know what to say at such a time. His mother took the boy away into her room, and as they looked across the Campagna, she put her hand upon his shoulder and said, "Marius, a white bird which you are to carry with unsullied wings across a crowded public place: your soul is like that."

Men and women, never forget, your soul is like that—a white bird which you are to carry unsullied

across the crowded tract of the years. Choose your associates, your reading, your entertainment,—everything, in full sight of that simple yet sublime fact. Let it teach you self-courtesy. Let it set you square upon your feet so that, whenever any unworthy lure or bribe is dangled before your eyes, you will say—"this is not good enough for me, for me who am sent to be a word of God made flesh."

III

Sympathy:— "I sat where they sat." Ezekiel's countrymen were in exile, in the valley of the Euphrates. And Ezekiel who, I take it, might have remained at home, went out to visit his brethren. He tells us that he set out upon this mission "in bitterness and in the heat of his spirit." But when, in course of time, he arrived at the place—the bank of a canal in Mesopotamia—a change came over his spirit. When he saw the actual conditions under which his countrymen were living, all the bitterness died out of him—he had not a word to say. It took Saul of Tarsus three days to get his breath when the light felled him to the ground outside Damascus. It took Ezekiel, by Chebar, more than twice that long. "I sat where they sat," he tells us, "seven days." Sense was dumb, its heat expired; and there was born in Ezekiel's heart that holy, tender something that is called Sympathy. For seven silent days, Ezekiel allowed the situation to assail

and instruct his soul. Like Moses, he "looked upon the sorrows of his brethren," and, like Moses, as he mused and mused, the fire burned. He made himself one with them in the bonds of a mighty sympathy.

Humility, self-respect, sympathy—these three; and the greatest of these is sympathy. There are a great many things in life that we may miss and yet do very well; we cannot miss the grace of sympathy and really make anything of life at all. God may have other words for other worlds, but for this world, with its wants and wounds and woes, His great word is Sympathy. There are lonely hearts to cherish as the days are going by. We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. We ought to do it. It is not a matter of sentiment; it is a matter of obligation. It is a part of the moral content of Christianity. It is bound up with the Christian interpretation of life. Our strength belongs to the weak, our vision to the blind, our knowledge to the ignorant, our health to the sick. We are bound to sit where they sit and minister to them. We owe it to them.

What is more, we owe it to ourselves. We cannot afford to sit apart in the peace of our self-content and let the race of men go by. We cannot afford to forego the gracious, life-enriching opportunity of serving—the priceless right to help a brother. Men think they are better off, that they get ahead of the game, as they say, when they close their

heart against the importunate cry of another's need. It is money in the purse, they say, when they turn a deaf ear to the appeal of distress. Yes, and it is poverty in the soul. It is Iago, Shakespeare's villain, who bids us put money in our purse; it is Jesus, the Lord of all good life, who bids us be rich toward God.

There is nothing so divine as Sympathy. Our clearest revelation of God is in One who, out of loving sympathy for men came and sat where they sat. He took flesh and dwelt among us. "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Our humblest needs, our hardest struggles, our deepest questionings, our loneliest prayers, our sharpest sorrows, our blackest shames, our deadliest fears—He took them for His own, and still takes them. He was made sin for every man. He tasted death for every man. Nothing human is foreign to Him. He sat where men sit—that He might lift them up to sit at last where He sits.

"O! He gives to us His joy
That our grief it may destroy:
Till our grief is fled and gone,
God doth sit by us and moan."

XIII

PUTTING OUT FROM THE LAND

Murdoch Mac Kinnon
D.D.

Although Murdoch Mac Kinnon was born in Nova Scotia and has recently come to the pastorate of the Runnymede United Church in Toronto, he is inseparably associated with the great West in the thought of Canadian people. Of Scottish Highland descent, the hardy blood of pioneers prompted him to seek the undeveloped West in the very beginning of his ministry, and amid the rigors of frontier fields his apprenticeship was served. For a period of eight years he was pastor of the Park Street Church, in Halifax, but when the call of Knox Church, Regina, was presented to him he heard in it once more the challenge of the still unconquered West to his Highland blood, and his acceptance was not long delayed. For the last fifteen years he has been one of the great outstanding figures in the religious life of the prairies. Saskatchewan will never forget the campaign which he led against changes in the school system proposed by the government, which resulted in the obnoxious legislation being withdrawn. With his vigorously aggressive gifts he combines also genuine gifts of scholarship, as evidenced by his very readable volume, *The Imprisoned Splendor*.

The sermon on "Putting out From the Land" breathes the challenging life both of the West and of the man. Set against the background of the all-too-familiar complacency of some elements in the Church, it sounds a clarion call to fearless advance and the quest of progress. In the diary of the first Congregational minister to cross the Atlantic, written while the "Mayflower" was tossing like a cork in the raging seas, are these words:—"Those that love their owne chimney corner and dare not fare beyond their owne towne's end shall never have the honour to see the wonderful workes of God." The same spirit pulses through Dr. Mac Kinnon's present sermon and his whole ministry as well.

XIII

PUTTING OUT FROM THE LAND

By Murdoch Mac Kinnon, D.D.

RUNNYMEDE UNITED CHURCH, TORONTO

Luke v:3. "Put out from the land."

I

The most natural rendering of these words forms a striking illustration of personal, social and spiritual enterprises to which the existing situation invites us to-day. Indeed it was He who gave us this story who first of all recognized a spiritual significance attaching to it. As a comment upon the astonishment of a disciple at the results achieved through obedience to His word, Jesus said unto Simon, "Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

"Safety first" may be a very good motto for a railway system but it is a very poor one for a people who would share in high emprises and see God's wonders in the deep. There may be more company of a sort on shore but there is the prospect of a greater find by putting out a little from the land.

There is the wider experience—the greater romance and daring; there is the challenge to the courage and endurance of those who would do business in great waters.

"Give me the spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his wrapt ship leans on her side so low
That she drinks water and her keel ploughs air."

This is not a time for hugging the shore. Those who do this frequently get pitched on the rocks. This is not a time for following the beaten trail. It frequently ends in a haystack. This is not a time for folding the arms and making a comfortable pillow of the promise that the Lord giveth to His beloved in sleep. What he gives in sleep is generally dreams whereas the call is for action that will translate dreams into reality and for daring that will bring the exhaustless resources of the deep to the manifold services of mankind. This is a time for blazing new trails and for making fresh ventures. Let me prove my admiration for the memory of the forefathers, not by putting the stamp of finality upon their formulations and making these forever binding upon the consciences of their children, but by facing in the same direction they faced and undertaking to do in my time a service commensurate

with what they did in theirs. The freedom to do and dare which they claimed for themselves they would not deny those who come after. All the trails have not yet been blazed. All the seas have not yet been charted. The human spirit has not yet been fully defined. The final formulation of the faith has not yet been found. God has still some new rays of light to break forth from His word.

II

What an inexhaustible fountain the life of the individual man is, what a storehouse of riches, what an unexplored sea! Professor James has done a service in calling the attention of the thinking world to the region of the sub-conscious; a region of our being of which we are not ordinarily aware, where we are most active in dreams, where we store the treasures of memory. We draw upon the resources here available when we face the crises and tragedies of life. "I could never stand that," your friend declares when he learns what you have endured. No indeed! But the years pass and time brings its changes and in these your friend has endured greater trials than you ever knew and he has emerged through them a stronger and better man. He found sources of strength from which he had not drawn before; deep down in his own personality he realized that he was in vital contact with a "more-than-self" and that this contact meant the reinforcement

of all his normal powers and an equipment adequate to the needs of the day.

We are not wholly separated units. We share a common life. There are a thousand islands in the St. Lawrence but they have a common base. There are many personalities, but one Spirit in whom we live and move. He is not apart from us. It is within the compass of our humanity He makes exploits. His life is contiguous to ours. Our beings are integral to the being of God and in this high relationship we share in the very power of God Himself. This relationship becomes more evident in worship, in moments of inspiration or when the soul cries out of the depths.

But we have not exhausted the possibilities of the normal conscious life of man. Think of man's reason by which he is enabled to look before and after; his judgment by which he distinguishes between things that differ; memory by which the best that has been thought and said in the past may be tucked away in some corner of our inward life; imagination by which the light and glory of the ideal are made to play upon the prosy fragments of the real world; conscience which makes us the children of God recognizing good and evil; knowledge by which the ever-growing body of truth is made accessible to us all; faith by which we give substance to things not seen; hope which sustains us in the dark hour and love which binds us to the very heart of God. Take these faculties in their separation if you can and

try to bring each one of them to its highest development, take them in their unity and coordination and try to make plain to yourself the inherent power and majesty of this apparently so insignificant a thing as the individual life of man. Let us acknowledge the possibilities lying dormant in the sub-conscious life, but before all else let us recognize the inexhaustible resources of the normal, natural conscious life of men and women like ourselves. Have we made the best use of the time given to us and of the opportunities that have invited us? Have we shown a burning enthusiasm for the work we have undertaken and the ideals we have espoused? Have we given ourselves a fair chance in this adventure of life? Have we stood shivering on the shore when great enterprises are but waiting the touch of a courageous hand? Have we been languid and unheeding when mighty spiritual undertakings demand the full play of all the faculties of the human soul?

There are lurking in your life gifts that have not yet been consecrated to high purpose, resources that have not yet been developed, powers that have not been exercised, talents that have not been put to any noble use, faculties that have not been turned to any high endeavor. The contrast between your life as it is and as it may be; between your life as you think of it (if you do think of it) and your life as God thinks of it, is so great that we are driven by the logic of the situation to postulate immortality

as the necessary condition of giving you a full opportunity to bring all your powers to fruition. The spiritual achievements of the few, the hidden resources of your own conscious and sub-conscious life and the opportunities lying all about you invite you to thrust out a little from the land. It is the word of Christ to you. *You* may utterly fail but God and you are in partnership in the enterprise of your life and *He never fails*. You may succeed. Chance it! Bet your life you are going to succeed and you will!

III

Think of these words in the light of our human endeavor. What progress could we hope for in science if the last word has already been said? A medical practitioner of to-day would be sent to jail for prescribing what his predecessor prescribed fifty years ago. The frontiers of the scientific world are being extended every year, discoveries are being made of which our fathers never dreamed; inventions are coming into common use enabling the laws of nature to contribute to the power and comfort of human life. In these departments at least the world is moving on.

A friend told me that it was a good principle not to read a book until it was on the market for at least two years. He appealed to a real instinct. "If the book is no good, you will be saved the trouble and

expense of reading it. If it is good, it is not too late to read it." All very true, but who on this principle is going to read the new book? If it is good for me to wait two years, it must be good for every one else and the new book will never be read. Some one must read it. Some one must take chances on a new book else it will never even be reviewed.

The men who have increased our knowledge, and widened our horizons, the men who have added to the ever-enlarging record of human achievement are not those who have accepted the verdict of the past as final, but those men of faith and patience who in full appreciation of the heritage handed down, have striven to enrich the same by making their own contribution.

Here is a man who observes some driftwood on the shore. "This wood is not native to this country. These sea-weeds, where have they come from? They do not grow in these waters! And these birds overhead, they have come from afar! There is something more than what we see. Science is not right in insisting, and the Church is not wise in teaching, that the earth is flat. My guess is that the earth is round and that there is land beyond." People said of Columbus that he was beside himself and that the only safe place for him was a mad-house. "Who ever heard of land to the westward! Who ever heard of the earth being round!" But Columbus carried on his propaganda until he convinced one person of the truth of his contention. This done,

he had strengthened his position infinitely. At last he found favor at the Royal Court and three little ships were fitted out. You would not trust your life in one of them to-day. Columbus and his crew thrust out a little from the land and at the close of the day the log-book contained this entry: "And this day we sailed on." They left behind them the Azores and the Gates of Hercules and moved out into unknown waters. There were doubts and misgivings on the part of a few, but here is the log-book: "This day we sailed on." Fear brought weakness and the spirit of mutiny arose endangering the life of the leader but the same entry appears. The storm came and the sea uncovered the hidden recesses of the deep. They were in jeopardy,—every one; but Columbus writes these words, "And this day we sailed on." Let Joachin Miller finish the story:

"Then pale and wan he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
Of all dark nights! and then a speck,
'A light! A light! A light! A light!'
It grew, a starlight flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world: he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: 'On! sail on!' "

It is ten years and more since Canada heard this call to "thrust out a little from the land." The in-

tegrity of the British Empire was in question and the foundations of our Christian civilization were in danger. At such a time the youth of Canada could not sit back in comfort. They came from the mountains and lumber camps of British Columbia, from the farms and ranches of the Prairie provinces, from the schools and colleges of Central Canada, from the valleys and orchard lands of the maritimes and assembled on the slopes of the St. Lawrence. One early morning in the autumn of 1914 you may see them—thirty Ships of the Line with a British Man-of-War in front of them, a British Man-of-War behind them, and one on either side,—gliding down the great river, out into the Gulf, out into the stormy Atlantic, out into the seven seas of the world to share in the common struggle of defending the cause of freedom. Most of them never returned. They faced the foe, and did not flee. They poured out the red sweet wine of youth and laid their lives away that the British word might not be dishonored and that our Christian civilization might not perish from the earth.

We have been saying of late that Canada is a nation. Yes, because we have played the part. We accepted our share of responsibility for the conservation of those high principles which alone make national life possible. A policy of isolation or neutrality in relation to a struggle where such high issues were at stake, would mean the virtual denial

of national stature. If Canada is a nation to-day it is because ten years ago there were found those who were willing and ready to put out beyond the borders of their own country, beyond the confines of their own shores. They played their part, upon the stage of a world-theatre in Freedom's crowning hour. They knew that out of death and night should rise the dawn of ampler life. They saw the powers of darkness put to flight. They saw the morning break.

Let there be no glorification of war. It is the sum of all the villainies. It releases every form of known evil and discovers new forms never known before. This is not to deny the spirit of true heroism and high adventure that dominated our men. Neither is it to deny that war under an over-ruling Providence that makes the wrath of man to praise Him, may become the period marking the beginning of our most creative achievements. When the human soul has been stirred to its depths, there is the promise of new ventures in every department of human activity. Art may be more original, science more positive, literature more constructive, philosophy more human and religion more vital and practical than ever before. There are signs already showing that these expectations are more than mere fancies. The history of the past confirms the promises of the hour. Say not, then, that our resources were dissipated and our men sacrificed to no purpose.

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The Labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy fainteth not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in, the main."

IV

When progress is marked in every department of life, is religion alone to be regarded as static? Those who think so are not the friends of true religion. Benjamin Kidd in his insistence that religion is the motive power behind the onward movements of the race, is much nearer the truth. The Christian institution is not yet exhausted. Its place and authority in the community may be different, but its power is beyond question and its opportunity without limit. The influence of a single congregation of Christian people is beyond our power of appreciating. Given a body of people where every society and organization within it is devoted to helpful and worshipful service they can redeem the whole countryside. Much has been accomplished but much remains to be done. There are avenues that have not been traversed, fields that have not yet been cultivated, depths that have not been sounded, and

heights that have not been scaled. In every Christian Community and Congregation in the land there are moral and spiritual forces lying dormant, when the need of helpful human ministries is tremendous.

The opportunities of the Christian Church in Canada are unique. To consecrate to noble service the lives and gifts of those who are devoted to the Kingdom, to disturb the self-complacent, to make a proper alignment of our forces and give a united witness to Christ, to reach out to the unoccupied areas of this western country, to bring the touch of Christian sympathy to those of alien races within our borders, to possess this land for Christ and to lift up our eyes to the whitened fields of the world —this constitutes a challenge, the like of which no Church ever had in the past. Are we equal to it and are we worthy of it? Can we overtake it by a policy of wavering and hesitation? The future is with those who hear the call and in their eagerness to respond will lay aside every weight of denominational prejudice and the sin of sectarianism which so easily besets them that they may run with patience the race set before them.

We have not yet exhausted the faith of Jesus Christ. Is He more or is He less than the pulpits have said? Is our conception of Him determined by the pardonable exaggerations of well-meaning preachers and the idealizing processes operating in the case of every hero? Over-wise people declare that His message was adequate to the needs of a

quiet, pastoral people living in an unscientific and unquestioning age, but that in the midst of the great problems of our time, political, industrial, economic, His message no longer applies. They acquiesce in the dictum of Tennyson's cynic, "The dear Lord Jesus has had His day."

But is it so? The judgment of those who have put these matters to the test, not alone in the fields of scholarship and inquiry but in the crucible of religious experience and in the alembic of their own souls, is that He is more than all the pulpits have said of Him. He is more and not less than the Creeds and Confessions had declared. These are but the imperfect attempts of one age or another to make plain to itself what is thought of Christ. He is more than any system of theology and more than all our theological systems taken together. These shall pass but He remains. The Gospels do not exhaust His message. They are but the reflection of the thought and experience of those who knew Him or thought they knew Him when He walked the earth. He is greater than His reporters. He is a greater Friend and Saviour than all the Gospels and Theologies and Confessions taken together. There are riches in His favour that give a new estimate of man, and transforming powers in His love we have not yet put to the proof. His life is an inexhaustible theme. "It is of greater massiveness than the hills, of serener beauty than the stars and of sweeter fragrance than the flowers.

It is higher than the mountains in sublimity and deeper than the seas in mystery. It concerns Him who being the holiest among the mighty and the mightiest among the holy, lifted with His pierced hands empires off their hinges, who turned the streams of centuries out of their channels, and who still governs the ages." Whatever our progress in other departments, in the realm of the moral and spiritual, it can only be toward a closer and closer approximation toward the life and character of Jesus Christ our Lord.

These are great days to live in. The world is facing its problem anew and Christianity has opportunities unprecedented. In this western land, doors are wide open for the Christian message to come in. The human heart is hungry for the Bread of Life. God is calling to the people of this country to-day, "Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse that there may be food in my house and prove me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Christ is calling to the Church of this Country and summoning her people to face the issue with a united front and to thrust out from the land. The Spirit by His Voice of gentle stillness is inviting us to a bold act of Faith and to a daring and rewarding venture of love, "launch out into the deep."

XIV

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD

JAMES E. HUGHSON
D.D.

In gaining his knowledge of Canadian thought and life, Dr. Hughson has had the great advantage of residence in many parts of the Dominion. Born in New Brunswick, his family moved when he was but a child to the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia, and in the quiet peace of the Land of Evangeline, the major part of his first twenty years was passed. For his University work he went to Ontario, graduating from Toronto University, and then spent eleven years in the ministry in the Nova Scotia which he had come to know so well. His next move took him to the growing West, where he had charge of churches in Lethbridge, Edmonton and Winnipeg. In the latter city his seven years' pastorate in the difficult Grace Church stamped him as a man of unusual ability and popular appeal. In 1920 he came East again, becoming pastor of First Church, Hamilton, in the pulpit of which his influence steadily grows.

His preaching inevitably bears the marks of his wide experience and thorough understanding of men. He is in no sense a recluse, preferring to mingle with his fellows in free and untrammeled association. As a consequence his sermons are uniformly close to the problems which perplex the average man. The following sermon, dealing with the age-old problem of the Christian's attitude to the world about us, is typical of a ministry dedicated to the task of setting life's ordinary things against the background of eternal values.

XIV

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD

JAMES E. HUGHSON, D.D.
FIRST UNITED CHURCH, HAMILTON

John xvii:15. "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

When Jesus offered this prayer in behalf of His disciples, He was about to do a thing that seemed a risky thing to do. He was about to leave His disciples to meet the sin and opposition of the world, and carry on the work committed to their care, without the visible presence of their Master, on whom they had come to depend so much. It was like a father leaving his children to battle with the vicissitudes of life, bereft of the paternal hand to which they had ever looked for guidance and support. It is true that He promised to come again and to abide with them always in a spiritual presence, but they scarcely understood His words, and at the best it is very hard for these finite minds of ours to grasp the reality of spiritual things.

"I want a flesh God," was the cry of a little child. She had been put to bed and fearing the

darkness had called her mother to her side and pleaded that she be not left alone. Her mother had tried to dispel her fears and had reminded her that God was with her and that nothing could harm her. And this was her answer, "Mamma, I want a flesh God." She meant that she wanted a God she could feel beside her and hear speak to her as she could hear and feel her Mother. And that was the cry of the human heart coming out in the little child. We want to walk by sight; we find it hard to walk by faith.

Now our Lord had this in mind when He offered this prayer in behalf of His disciples. "While I was with them in the world," He said, "I kept them in Thy name." But now He was going away, and in this new experience when they must walk by faith in the unseen, He prayed to the Father to keep them by His power. And He was careful to say that He included in His prayer not only His immediate disciples of that day, but those also who should believe in him in all the ages to come. And therefore we get the subject on which I propose to speak, this morning,—The Christian in the world; his relation to the things of the world, and his protection from the evils of the world.

I

First, we notice that the place for the Christian is in the world, having his part in the activities of his

day, and not away from the world, or afraid of the world, as if this world were an evil thing, or the Christian life a tender plant that must be nurtured in seclusion. "I pray not," said the Christ, "that Thou shouldest take them out of the world." This truth, which will seem to us so simple and so self-evident, is one that has come very slowly to be recognized in religious thought, and perhaps there is no phase in the development of religious doctrines more interesting than the gradual unfolding of this simple idea. Away back in an earlier age, the idea prevailed that the Christian life could not be lived amid the ordinary scenes and activities of the world. The monasteries and hermit cells and Pillar Saints of that period were the outgrowth of that idea. Men thought that to live the Christian life they must separate themselves from society, and in loneliness struggle after their ideal. They were sincere and we must honor them for their devotion, but they were mistaken. And in the bitterness of their own confessions they tell us how their own hearts betrayed them in their solitude and how they fell by their own hands.

At a later period, we find another spirit prevailing which we might term the spirit of other-worldliness, in which the thought of consecrating our lives to the betterment of this world was sometimes forgotten in the contemplation of the delights of a world to come, and men seemed to be more anxious about becoming angels somewhere else than about

being Christians here. We find a trace of this spirit in much of the hymnology that has come down to us from that period, and sometimes I have looked over a collection of hymns almost in vain to find a few stanzas that would convey for me the thought of giving our lives to make this world a better world, so permeated were they with the other thought of getting through life to some better world to come. Little wonder the young people had the notion I remember having as a lad, that religion would be all right when I grew old or was about to die, but it did not appeal to the eager and vigorous spirit of a young man's life.

But gradually the thought of the pulpit and of Christian literature has changed, and we are coming to see that our religion has everything to do with the problems of this life as well as the prospects of the life to come. In matters of buying and selling and of work and wages, in questions that affect the school, the factory and the street, in everything that touches human life and human welfare, the Christian must take his place and play his part. You cannot have Christianity separated from these common things. You can have a religion of rapture and pious feelings, of creeds and ceremonies, but you cannot have the religion of the Christ; for right down in this old world of ours, in the market place and the street, in the midst of sinning, struggling, toiling humanity, Jesus Christ is busy to-day, making Christian manhood and womanhood out of the

raw materials of our human life. And if we are to follow in His footsteps and be His disciples, we must go where He is and be interested in the things that He is doing. Therefore we have the prayer of our text, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world." The world needs the Christian and the Christian needs the world.

I mention these things because I find the idea still prevalent about us that religion is something separated from the ordinary scenes and activities of the world. We hear that "business is business and religion is religion." We are told that religion must be kept out of politics and politics must be kept out of religion. We divide the things of life about us into the sacred and the secular. And many an earnest Christian feels that his daily life is not a part of his religion, but something separated from it and often a hindrance to it.

I remember speaking to a young woman on one occasion, urging her to decide for Christ and unite with the Church, and she turned upon me almost fiercely as she said, "It may be possible for you to live a Christian life in the sacred and sheltered position you occupy as a Christian Minister, but for most of us, it is not possible. Take my own case, for example. Here I am doing the same things in the same way day after day, with nothing to lift up my thought to higher things and everything to keep me down, and I sometimes think when I hear you ministers presenting your high ideals and telling

other people how they ought to live, that you know very little about the discouragements and difficulties that we every-day folk have to meet."

Now she was perfectly sincere and I rather liked her for her frankness, but she was mistaken in her thought of the Christian life. She thought of it as some exalted state only accessible to a favored few. She did not see that it comes down into the hardest and the humblest life to exalt it and enrich it until it makes everything in life sacred and all life's work divine. And whatever place we occupy in the world it may be made as sacred as the pulpit, and whatever work we do, if it be honest work that this world needs to have done, it is God's work and our sacred ministry of service. In the kitchen or the workshop, as we eat and drink, among the common sufferings and drudgery of life, to find the task that is ours to take up, and to do it faithfully and patiently and well,—that is the call of Jesus Christ and the very soul of His religion.

II

The second truth that I would have you see follows very closely on the truth we have already studied. Amidst all the things of the world and in all the activities of life, there is nothing that we need to look upon as common or unclean to us, except those things that are distinctively wrong. A fairly complete classification of the things that enter

into life would be something as follows,—some things are good and we ought to get them at any price; some things are innocent and we may take them or leave them as we feel disposed; some things were once innocent but have become mixed with evil, and we must be careful to get the good and leave the bad; some things are the expression of natural appetites and desires, and become evil as we carry them to excess; and some things are distinctively wrong and should have no place in the Christian life. But in one or more of these classes you may place everything with which you have to do: business, pleasure, friends, associations, ambitions and pursuits. And you notice that the Christian is excluded only from the things that are evil. The others are his to use and enjoy in moderation and to the glory of God. Therefore the true ideal is not found in getting away from the world, but in giving the world its proper place in our life, standing supreme as its master and compelling it to become our servant and to serve us. This world is not the Devil's world; it is God's world, and He made it and filled it with its beauty and its blessings for our use and our enjoyment. And we should go through it with the feeling that we dwell in our Father's house and that all things are ours because we belong to Him.

I would like the young people I see before me to realize how much the world should mean to them, standing in the bright portals of their early man-

hood and womanhood and in the open door of this twentieth century. It was a great thing to be living in the last century, when Tennyson wrote his first "Locksley Hall." He felt the thrill of life in those days. Great movements were pulsating in the air. Nations were fighting their way to freedom. "Europe was entering upon a new heritage of liberty. America was rising like a giant from the sea." And he tells us how he,

"Dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw visions of the world and all the wonder that would be."

But Tennyson in his brightest visions never saw the half that these years have produced and placed as a free gift at your feet and mine. We travel as far in a day as our fathers did in a week. We watch the iron hands of machinery as they perform with neatness and despatch the work our fathers did with awkward wearying toil. Education, once the privilege of the few, is now the heritage of all. Art and invention have been making their wonderful strides. The telegraph and other means of communication have girdled the globe, and made the nations neighbours. We have conquered the earth, we are conquering the heavens. And when we think of these and other things that have come to pass, it is not too much to say that ten years in the midst of these wonderful times should mean as much in

the achievements of life as twenty years could have counted when our fathers and mothers were young.

And then think of the prospect of going on another thirty or forty years into the greater things that are coming. We speak of the unrest in the world about us, among the nations, in commercial life, in social life, in religious life, within the church itself. The age is ill at ease. It is like the unrest that came to Europe before the Reformation and after the Renaissance, when God was moving upon the hearts of the people of the old world that He might lead them out into a larger life and into a fuller liberty. And in the unrest we find about us to-day, we may see, not the hand of evil, though evil elements may enter into it, but the hand of God stirring us up to a divine discontent, making us ashamed of our low ideals and our little achievements, that He may lead us on to the larger things that lie before us in the years that are yet to be. Therefore our hearts may be responsive to the prayer of our text, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world." The coming years are calling to youth and age, to the college and the Church for action and leadership, faith and vision. It is a great thing to be living and to hear the call to play our part in the larger program of the Church in this wonderful century, with its opportunities and its demands.

III

But the question arises, Can we live in this world where evil crosses our pathway, and play our part as men and women, and keep our lives clean and straight and strong? How can the prayer of the Master be answered, that we may be in the world and keep from its evil? And it may be well to remember in answering this question, some of the helps we have in the gifts of God to His children. We have a moral nature that says to us under all circumstances, "You ought always to do right, you ought never to do wrong." We have the word of God, "A lamp to our feet and a light to our path," which we may carry with us as a man would carry a lantern on a dark night in his journey along an unfamiliar pathway, not to light up the road in the far distance but to show him the pathway where his feet are now travelling. The Bible may not answer all our questions about the events of the last days, but it does show us how to live from day to day. We have also our God-given reason, and we need to use our practical common sense in religion as in other things. We have the guidance of His Spirit, in answer to prayer and the obedient life. And if we will allow these things to have their place and influence in our life, we shall become men and women of deep impressions and strong convictions in relation to moral questions and religious ideals.

These convictions are the safeguards of our life. We must follow them wherever they lead us and whatever they cost us.

Some time ago, in an American paper, I saw a double panelled picture. A beautiful woman stood in one panel with youth, health and hope written on her brow. In her arms she held a little baby devil on which was written the word "Sin." And as she pressed him to her heart, she was saying, "I would like to keep him, he is such a little one, he will never do me any harm." In the other panel of the picture, she was lying cold and stiff in death. Over her stood this devil, now grown to manhood, and in his hand was the weapon with which he had done his murderous deed. And as he looked upon the woman he had slain, he was saying, "I have grown, I have grown." I shall never forget the influence of that picture on my mind. It made me feel that there are no trifles in the moral universe, no little sins that we may keep because we love them. Let them live and they will grow until the thing we kept to play with becomes mightier than we, and crushes us beneath its cruel control. Our only safety is never to think lightly of any question of right and wrong.

But we need to do more than to put the evil out of our life; we need to bring in the good. And hundreds of people, who have wanted to do good, have come to me to ask what they could do and how they could do it. And I could not give them any

specific instructions, because Jesus does not tell us any particular things to do or particular ways of doing them. He went about doing good. Every day He lived, in the home and the street, by the way-side and the sea-shore, He found an opportunity of saying words of cheer, giving strength for weakness, lifting up the discouraged life and turning sorrow into sunshine. And He did it, in such simple ways that it did not seem to be religion, and Jesus Christ was not considered a religious man by the most religious people of His day. Their religion was the particular thing they did in a particular place. His religion was an every-day thing He carried with Him into the common ways of life. And He asks us to find our opportunities of service in the places we work and among the people we meet from day to day.

When John Gough was lying in a gutter in the side street of an American city, if the current story be true, a woman came down the street and saw the summer sun beating down upon his bloated face. She could not carry him to a place of protection. She spoke to passers-by but they were too busy to stop. And she did the only thing she could. She put her handkerchief over his face to hide it from the burning sun. It was only a few moments until the man awoke and felt the handkerchief, gathered his muddled senses, realized that some kindly hand had put it there, and said to himself, "Did some-

body pity me? Then if I am worth pitying, I must be worth saving." And into the heart of the man who had gone so low, there came a new desire to live a new life. Wasn't it a simple thing? She did not plan to do it. She did not wait for someone to tell her to do it. She just happened upon it as she hurried down the street on her morning errand. And she did the simple thing she could. But her simple act touched a life and turned its thoughts upwards, and that life afterwards became a power in lifting other lives.

This is the religion we need everywhere in the world to-day. Men and women come with their hearts consenting to it and longing for it, but they wonder if there is any power that can enable us to live it. And as if in answer to their prayer, there come the words of Jesus, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me." Mark the word "receive." A little babe can receive, as a mother's love ministers to it. A beggar in the street can receive, as you offer him your help. And all God asks is the sense of weakness like the babe and the sense of need like the beggar, and the open door that will let Him into our hearts and lives to fill that need and to give new power. Into that life, God will come and through that life he will show how much He can do in us and through us, if we let Him have His own way.

"I said, 'Let me walk in the fields.'
He said, 'Nay, walk in the town.'
I said, 'There are no flowers there.'
He said, 'No flowers, but a crown.'

"I said, 'But the skies are black,
And there is nothing but noise and din.'
But He wept as He sent me back;
'There is more,' He said, 'there is sin.'

"I said, 'I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say.'
But he answered, 'Choose to-night
If I am to miss you or they.'

"I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, 'Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in Heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide.'

"I cast one look on the field,
Then turned my face to the town.
He said, 'My child, will you yield?
Will you have the flowers or the crown?'

"Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He;
And I walked in a light divine,
A path I had feared to see."

XV

THE DESERTER

G. G. D. Kilpatrick
D.S.O.

G. G. D. Kilpatrick is one of the youngest of the really eminent ministers of the Canadian Church. Born in Scotland, the son of that great scholar and Christian, Professor Kilpatrick, his education was begun in Winnipeg and completed at the University of Toronto and Knox College. Following his academic work he was called to become assistant to Dr. John Neil in Westminister Church, Toronto, which position he relinquished to accept a commission as chaplain in the Canadian Overseas forces in the Great War. In that capacity he won a unique position, and manifested qualities of heroism and leadership which not only earned him the D.S.O. but also made his promotion in Church life both natural and inevitable. On his return he was settled in the historic and richly endowed St. Andrew's in Ottawa, which position, for Union principles, he resigned to become co-pastor in Chalmers Church in the same city.

In vigorous and forceful utterance, Mr. Kilpatrick has few superiors in Canada. As in this sermon, he is continually piercing to the heart the easy pretensions of conventional Christianity and revealing the real insistence of the claims of Christ's way of life. No ministry in the Dominion is larger in its promise of widening influence and increasing power than his, and he must be reckoned with as one of the vital forces in the church of both to-day and to-morrow.

XV

THE DESERTER

G. G. D. Kilpatrick, D.S.O.

CHALMERS UNITED CHURCH, OTTAWA, ONT.

2 Timothy iv:10. "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world and is departed unto Thessalonica."

I

All of us instinctively despise a quitter. Something fine and honourable rises up within us to condemn the man who, having committed himself to a cause, for some reason of selfishness or cowardice goes back on his word, and, as we say, "quits cold." We shall not be disposed to trust that man again; we shall find it hard, on occasions, to keep back a contemptuous word about him. It will always be a good sign if we can retain in our lives this kind of anger against treachery; it will mean that with all our personal failings we still keep on demanding of ourselves and others honour in the conduct of life.

Well, at that very point Demas failed. He let Paul down, left him in his chains, an old weary man

under sentence of death, not realizing that it was not Paul alone whom he deserted but Jesus Christ whom he had sworn to serve through life. So he goes trailing off to Thessalonica to be one forever with that sorrowful procession of apostates who through the ages, for their own safety or their own gain, have forsworn their Ideal, sold their honour and deserted Jesus Christ. There may be mitigating circumstances in the case of Demas, but when all is said the fact remains, he failed in loyalty, in honour, in unselfishness, in all that makes a man; by that fact he is judged. We cannot but think of him and speak of him precisely as we would of a man who, lying in a shell hole with a wounded comrade and seeing the advance of the enemy, sneaks off to save his own skin, and leaves his pal to his fate. Demas did that. The chapter in which his desertion is recorded is at once one of the most heroic and pathetic in the New Testament. We see Paul, now an old and worn man, sitting in his cell awaiting the end. He knows it must be near and for a moment he permits himself to contemplate the great prospect which is his in God, and makes mention of his crown of life, and yet there is not a quiver of fear in his voice as he speaks of what he must go through ere he wears that crown. He can face death clear-eyed and unashamed. That is not a boast but a thanksgiving, that clarion sentence, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." From the very shadow of death he sends out the

summons to his young follower who must enter into his heritage of labor and suffering. He tells him there are storms ahead, black days when the enemy will be on his trail and even those he counted as friends will go back on him; but this old warrior who had never turned his back on danger, adds, "hold you on," "Endure afflictions, do the work of an Evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." No man ever had a better right to speak a word like that than Paul. He knew what it was to suffer, to endure, to be within an ace of death, and through it all to stand fast. He had kept the faith. Brave words, from a brave heart! But suddenly it is as if the elation died from Paul's soul; he becomes all at once just a weary old man, conscious of his loneliness and his need of comfort. "They are all gone," he says. "I'm left here alone with Luke. Demas is gone, he couldn't stand it; he always had a hankering for comforts and success. When I went up for trial, not a man stood beside me; they left me to face it alone, God forgive them; please bring my old coat, for it is bitterly cold here, and my manuscripts, but above all my Old Testament Scrolls; do your best, Timothy, to get here before winter sets in. And, Timothy, it is all right, I'm not alone after all, for the Lord is with me to strengthen me." I'm glad to have this glimpse of Paul. He is so far ahead of us in everything, that it, as it were, gives him back to us to see him thus, needing human comfort and help. But Demas! Think of him leaving Paul at

that moment of all moments! I don't believe he had the courage to tell Paul what he meant to do, or to give a color of excuse to his desertion by some remark about it being folly for both to die. No! it is more likely he made some casual aside about stepping outside for a moment and so was gone. All that day Paul would wait for him and the next, till at last he knew the truth and, not with anger but with tears, he wrote that poignant sentence, "*Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.*"

I want to talk about that forsaking because there are things involved in it that greatly concern us, and downright as our judgment may be against Demas, it ought to be given with humility. We like to flatter ourselves that *we* would not have left Paul to his fate, but when behind the prisoner in the cell we see the figure of Jesus Christ and realize who it is in the last analysis that is being deserted, our confidence in ourselves ebbs away as we remember certain humiliating moments. It is more than likely that before we are done with Demas and his sin there will be an accusing voice crying in our hearts, "Thou art the man."

II

The first thing to be said of Demas is to his great honor. In a day when it was a life and death matter to become a Christian, when to bear that name was

to become a social outcast, to lose your business and your house, all in fact that the world declares makes life worth while, in such a day Demas gave himself to the service of Jesus Christ; literally left all and went out to suffering. In that, the completeness of his surrender, the depth of his devotion, Demas was far ahead of many modern Christians. It is a principle of our justice that a man be judged by his peers. That first Demas, the young soldier of the Cross, on that basis will not, I take it, find many judges among us. At the outset then, let us remember from what height of loyalty Demas fell, what high purposes he gave up, the soul he lost. How are we to account for it? By what arguments did he silence his conscience and seduce his will to the great treachery? Two possibilities suggest themselves: either Demas lost his nerve at the approach of death, fear unmanned him; panic drove him to flight; *or* he deliberately preferred and decided for the comfort and security of the old home, the old associations.

Of the first alternative it is not necessary to say much because I do not believe it fits the case. There is no doubt about it, the opening of active persecution of Christians had this immediate effect, it sifted the Church to the bottom and sent many a man back, post haste from so dangerous a business as Christianity. In every Church of the world some Demas instantly withdrew, the moment the Coliseum rang with the cry, "The Christians to the lions!" I do

not believe, however, that our Demas was one of these panic-stricken souls. He must have had some experience of persecution if he dared to go with Paul. The fact that he was with him in Rome speaks volumes for his courage, for he who entered Rome as a Christian took his life in his hands; condemned, as Demas is, by the judgment of mankind, it is not on the grounds of physical cowardice. There remains the second alternative.

This Paul himself advances as the reason of the desertion and it must therefore be the true one, since the apostle knew his man through and through. "*Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.*" Behind that sentence lies the unwritten story of a man's desperate battle with himself, ending in tragedy and defeat.

Given a man with ambition, with business ability, with popularity, with an instinct and aptitude for getting on in the world, given such a man and let him in some high moment commit himself to a way of life in which the avenues to all these things are blocked and his life current is turned into hard and narrow ways, there is bound to be a conflict so fierce and incessant that should he gain the victory, he must needs, with Paul, describe his life as "Crucified" to the world. The soul of Demas was the arena of such a struggle; two forces battled for possession of his life. As a young man he had yielded to the summons of a noble ideal; he felt the constraint of Jesus Christ; all that was generous and true in him

rose up to answer that appeal and on the impulse of a splendid resolve he flung the world behind his back and went out to the service of Christ. But the forces of selfishness, love of pleasure, greed of gain within him refused to accept the ultimatum: they were only for the moment silenced and with his departure on the way of the Cross they began to assault the soul of Demas in a hundred subtle ways. I can, for example, imagine him arriving in some town of Asia Minor and going as was his custom to the house of an old friend, let us say a Jew. He enters and is at once struck by a different quality in the friend's greeting. "Demas," he says, "is it true, what I have been hearing of you, that you have become a Christian?" "Yes," answers Demas, not without pride. "Then," replies his friend, "our ways lie apart, for I can have no dealings with a man who is a traitor to our fathers' faith." And as Demas with white face stood in the street before the closed door, it came over him that the price of his discipleship was hard; a flicker of resentment against the conditions of Christ's service stirred in him; the temper insinuated the question, "Was it worth while?" Or again I see him in talk with a group of friends. Their speech is all of the business, the new play, the latest festivity, jovial hearty talk, and Demas is out of it all, though he used to be a leader in all these things. Not for him now, the stir of the market or the light and gaiety of the banquet, but a lonely road, the company of illiterate folk, a door closed

in his face or even a hasty flight through dark streets out to the open. And again a kind of yearning came over him to be back in the old safe happy ways. Can't you imagine how the thing wore on him; and how resentment against the kind of life he was living, might grow deeper? Oh! we shall never know the sheer misery of spirit Demas endured befor he forsook Paul in the Roman cell. No man yields to the insinuation of evil without a struggle and he who has been as close to Jesus Christ as Demas was must go through a moral hell before he finally crushes down all honor and loyalty and turns his back on his Lord and Master. But it came to that with Demas. I am not surprised that it happened in Rome; there with the spectre of death daily at his elbow, the love of life, the passionate desire to have his share of what the world offered and other men had, blotted out the vision which once had fired his spirit, until the longing became irresistible and took command of Demas. He saw his chance,—it would likely be a cold wet day, morale can be very low for a man on such a day,—he took it and was off to Thessalonica, crushing down the protests of conscience, keeping up his heart with pictures of the old home and all that awaited him. "*Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.*" "*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*" That was the end of Demas. Nothing will persuade us that he was ever really happy in Thessalonica. Plunge as he might into

business or pleasure there would be hours when Demas and his conscience would sit face to face.

Memories of Rome would flash upon him. Seated in his own warm and lighted room while the winter wind moaned about the house, he would see that barren dreary cell, Paul muffled in the old cloak poring over his parchments or writing with cold cramped hand some flaming letter to the Church: the eyes of the old apostle seemed to be fastened on him sorrowfully; from the unfinished page a single sentence stares at him. "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world," and at that Demas would start from his couch and seek the company of others, if by any means he might shut out the visions of his pursuing shame.

"Oh, the regret, the struggle and the failing,
Oh, the days desolate and the useless years,
Vows in the night so fierce and unavailing,
Stings of my shame and passion of my tears."

III

And now from the obscurity of his remorse Demas shall speak to us of the peril of a waning loyalty and the possibility of a secret desertion of Jesus Christ. It will always be *secret* at the first; no one will guess what is going on within us. There is not one in ten thousand who suddenly forswears his faith and comes out as the enemy of Christianity, but there are

tens of thousands whose growing apathy towards the Church and Christ's cause ends in that neglect which is not less than desertion of Jesus Christ.

Once again the question faces us, How is it that those who began the Christian life with a high enthusiasm and noble sincerity can sink to the low level of dead indifference to Him whom once they were not ashamed to confess before men? The same alternatives confront us here as in the case of Demas.

(1) Some people when they come to realize the cost of being a Christian have not the moral courage to accept the terms. Say what you will, one of the first conditions of discipleship with Christ in suffering. Our Lord never deluded men about that. He went out of His way to make His fellowship known as a perilous way of life. Our modern presentation of the Gospel, our modern social life has, to the infinite loss of the Church, minimized the austerity of the true Christian life. "True Christianity," said the scholar Paulsen, "may always be recognized by the fact that it seems strange and dangerous to the world." Dangerous! not in the sense that it is likely to mean physical suffering, with the rack or the stake to end it, but dangerous to the inclination for ease and self-gratification which lies in every man's soul. I cannot think of anyone really believing in Christ and that belief not costing him something. Dr. Hutton at one place goes as far as to say, "No man can be a Christian who is not now, at this very moment, suffering something for Christ's sake."

That may mean that a young man is standing up, as a man, against some base insinuation of his physical nature, fighting it down. There is suffering in that. It may mean that a man for the sake of some honorable scruple is refusing the opportunity of gain and flinging the thirty pieces of silver in the world's face. There is suffering in that. Or again it may be that someone is enduring sorrow or bodily pain, and yet will not let go of faith in God. In all such cases where one for Christ's sake endures, there, you have a Christian taking his share of hardness. The fact remains, however, that multitudes of people are not prepared for that. One fair day, before life had assailed and tortured them, they accepted Christ; but things begin to happen to them, mystifying cruel things and in the day of trial they go back on the intention of their souls. They cannot stand what is involved in being true to their covenant with Christ. They therefore take what appears to them the easier way, acquiescing in the suggestion that they give up so impossible a way of life; they cease to struggle; they give way to bitterness; they desert Jesus Christ.

(2) I simply state that possibility, leaving it to every man's conscience to say whether he has been guilty of that type of moral cowardice, and pass on to speak of the other more subtle and far more common occasion of deserting Christ; I mean, yielding to the spirit of the world, compromising with it at the cost of loyalty to honor and truth. That is the

peculiar and insidious temptation of the modern Christian. It has enervated the life of the Church and reduced its effective witness more than anything else you can name. It is the subtilty of the temptation which is its chief peril. A man hardly realizes that he is slipping; his drift away from his own ideals, his waning interest is not noticeable to himself but the process of alienation goes on, until, if that man should come to himself, he will have difficulty in naming the day when last he was in church or when last he prayed or gave a genuine thought to the work of the Kingdom. For such a man desertion of Christ is no precipitate flight from Rome to Thessalonica; it is almost an unconscious separation. Nevertheless it is forsaking the cause he covenanted to uphold; it is deserting Him to whom he once professed allegiance.

Brethren, there is not a Christian soul among us safe from the peril and possibility of thus deserting our Lord. I would that the warning voice of Demas might waken us one and all to examine how it stands between us and Him whose name we bear. Are we Christians at all, or only occasionally and moderately? Is there any depth of sincerity or reality in our membership of the Christian Church? How far are we in earnest when we say we *believe* in Jesus Christ? Up to the point of sacrifice for His sake? There are many of us who well remember a day when we were ready, even eager, to accept that which made demands on us for Christ's sake. But

it is different now; the old enthusiasm has chilled; we will still come to Church if it be fair and we are not too tired; we will still give something to Church schemes, but that is the end of the business, the limit of our interest in the work of the Kingdom. It is not an open desertion but it is a paralysing indifference, which, according to Christ, is even more hopeless. The note of warning I catch in the story of Demas and would fain start ringing in your hearts is a warning against the danger of relenting, of going back, of becoming cool, in the Christian life, giving ourselves credit, it may be, for becoming more impartial, less easily excited, when the fact is that we are "yielding ourselves without adequate protest" to the powers of decay and death which threaten us all in the region of our faith. Nine times out of ten a man's carelessness with regard to religion is simply the other side of his entire preoccupation with the world. When you are more keen about your own business success and pleasure than you are about Jesus Christ and your fellow men, you very soon become conscious of the strain of even attempting the Christian life. An impatience with the demands it makes, comes upon you, this duty and that scruple and self-denial all the time. Such weariness of spirit sooner or later becomes a distaste, and from that mood it is not far to desertion.

Once again I say the greatest weakness within the Christian Church arises from the multitude of its members who, loving this present world, are not pre-

pared to yield to the demands of the Kingdom and who because of their real indifference to the needs of Christ and of His Church are fairly on the way, in the deepest sense, to desert both. "Demas hath forsaken me!" I wonder how often you and I have given occasion for that cry to go from Jesus Christ? Times without number we have forsaken Him, refusing to hear or to follow. I, Demas, speak to you, Demas, summoning myself and you to rally our slackened purposes and in this day of opportunity for Christ's Church to take our places among those who are ready to serve the Lord with heart and mind and soul.

To those who know they have forsaken Christ, or are aware that they have been growing careless of the deep and eternal things, let this word be said. There is nothing which so recalls us to faith and duty as the remembrance of what Jesus Christ has been and done for us. You are not your own; the life you trifle with has been bought with a price. When did Jesus Christ forsake you? Do you remember how on a certain day you cried to Him for forgiveness? Did He fail you then? Do you remember how you needed Him and groped for Him in that hour of sorrow and loneliness? Did He desert you then?

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." It is His promise and He has kept it.

I think these lives of ours, so fitful in loyalty, so lukewarm in devotion, must often have brought to

Christ's lips the old query, moving in its pathos and anxiety of love—"Will ye also go away?"

Let this be for all of us the occasion of the reconsecration of our lives to Him who loves us. Let us together resolve that by the help of God we shall give the full measure of our devotion to Him who gave Himself for us.

"Will ye also go away? Lord, to whom shall we go; Thou hast the words of Eternal Life."

XVI

LEADERS OF THE SPIRIT

Sydney B. Snow
D.D.

In the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, Montreal, around which cluster the associations of such truly great ministries as those of Barnes and Griffin, Dr. Snow has for the last five years enjoyed a popularity and an influence that are indeed noteworthy. Himself a preacher of unusual power, he has not hesitated to enlist the aid of outstanding thinkers along every line of religious emphasis, with the result that his Sunday evening "Forum" has been a means of presenting present-day problems in convincing ways to large audiences. He combines in an unusual measure gifts of organization and administration with those of pulpit speech, which fact has been this year recognized by his being accorded the highest honor in the gift of his brethren,—that of the Presidency of the General Unitarian Conference of the United States and Canada.

The present sermon reveals the man. Its keenness of insight into the forces which have led mankind to higher things, its loyalty to Jesus and His way of life, its buoyant faith in the ultimate acceptance of His spirit by humanity, its happy synthesis of broad tolerance and implacable insistence on the primacy of spiritual forces,—such things as these supply the key to a ministry which has attained real significance in a city where it is easy for ministries to be ignored.

XVI

LEADERS OF THE SPIRIT

SYDNEY B. SNOW, D.D.
THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, MONTREAL

Hebrews xi:38. "Of whom the world was not worthy."

With what fine phrases the Bible is filled! It is thick-studded with apt and pointed turns of speech. Of such kind is the phrase used as text for this discourse,—"of whom the world was not worthy." In a few words, placed perfectly together, it expresses the highest praise that man could invent for man,—for human character so exalted that the world does not afford it worthy environment. Its aptness as a turn of speech, however, is not what has attracted a preacher's attention to it. The manner of its application is the reason for making it subject of a sermon. Who were those, by these words so finely described, "of whom the world was not worthy"?

We will not spoil good English by paraphrasing the language of Scripture, but will give the answer directly from the same source as the text:—"They were tortured, not accepting deliverance; and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea,

moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn assunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented;" and here, where the real climax of the description of their sufferings occurs, we find the parenthetical phrase which we are discussing, thrown in as the writer raced along with his vivid words, "of whom the world was not worthy."

Here is the striking, the startling point in connection with our text, that those who were so highly praised were not those to whom the world, from its lower reaches, looked up to in awe and reverence, but those whom the world scorned, rejected, despised. Those whom the world thought not worthy of it were described as those of whom the world was not worthy.

Is this sensible? Or is it merely one of those paradoxical phrases which get us nowhere? It would be easy to say, in a burst of admiration, that the world is not good enough for a man of proved greatness, but why say it of those who not only were not in their own day great, but manifestly could not get along in the world at all? Those described, judging from the few words which sum them up, appear to have been misfits in their day and generation. Is it the misfits who greatly serve? Not so can the leaders, the heroes, the great men of history be described. Their greatness rests upon their fitness. They are greater than others because they fit

their environment better. The fittest survive; they lead because they fit best,—are, to paraphrase, super-fittest. They sway the men of their day because they express the thoughts and aspirations of their day. They may see a little farther than the rest,—have a little clearer vision; but they never see too far from the present. They keep close to earth. They are always understood. Successful men, in every walk of life, are of this type. That is why they are successful. They are merchants who know what people want, usually a little ahead of the people themselves. They are writers, editors, lecturers, who know what people think, also just far enough ahead to be original in knowing. They are political leaders and statesmen who know in what direction people are ready to turn, and lead them in their turning. I do not mean mere ear-to-the-ground men,—demagogues who catch the sentiment of the mob and then, as Mr. Pickwick once advised, shout the loudest,—but real statesmen. These are usually in advance of people in their thinking, but only a little. They could not lead unless they were near enough to their followers to be understood. Contemporaries may be somewhat slow of appreciation or jealous of potential power, but in time of crisis they turn to such men because they need them.

Of many of these it might be possible to say, the world is not worthy of them. It does not quite come up to their standards and ideals. But never of them would the contrast indicated in the context of one

verse be true. The world never thinks them unworthy of it. Their very power and influence rest on the contrary fact. Feet planted firmly on present realities, they fit their environment well,—more completely than others harmonize with the conditions of their time. As interpreters or fulfillers of the spirit of the age in which they live, they are benefactors of their kind.

For such men, it may be remarked in parenthesis, the world eagerly seeks to-day. Never was a time when the demagogue had such opportunity to rise,—never a time when his elevation meant such a capacity for mischief. But the true interpreter, the genuine fulfiller of the longing for a better world which lies in many hearts, and seems to have no common cause and no common leader,—to him the world, if not to-day at least in a dawning to-morrow, is ready to give its attention and to follow with its action. Can any doubt, who felt the rising tide of hope and idealism that for a few weeks after the ending of the war seemed to engulf the selfish purposes and the hatreds that had been there expressed, —can any doubt that deep in the heart of humanity is a spirit that needs only a unifying cause and a worthy leader to tear down walls of prejudice and blot out national divisions, and carry our world a full step forward toward its goal? For such a leader men must pray and hope; having faith in the fulness of time he will come.

But, really great and truly useful as such men

are, is there not another type of benefactor to mankind? Without detracting in any way from the credit due the great ones of the world,—the generals, admirals, masters, presidents, premiers, members of cabinets, heads of institutions, manufacturers, captains of industry, orators, writers, popular teachers and preachers,—those whose efforts have been crowned with success,—we are obliged to acknowledge our dependence also on another kind of man, never, in the accepted use of the term, successful, usually by his contemporaries misunderstood and often persecuted. It is the purpose of this sermon to express some appreciation of the benefactors of the human race who fail, to sing a hosanna and cast a palm branch before the feet of those whose way on earth is shadowed by a cross. Much as men owe to their accepted leaders and teachers, would any progress be possible without the men of vision, the prophets, the seers, who are so far ahead that their own generation cannot or dare not go with them,—who set standards or ideals before men which seem at the time foolish and impossible to attain? Such men fail to fit their environment; as with Jesus, their ideas rather than themselves have survival value. They fail to fit not because they are stupid or obstinate, but because they are mentally and spiritually adjusted to better environments. Of them literally it can be said, "of whom the world was not worthy." But because they have lived and worked, because they have seen and hoped and dared

to express their hopes, the world after them is a better place to live in. It can never quite forget the visions which they once saw, and will always be uneasy except when it is approaching them. It rejects; but in spite of itself it tries to be more worthy, with each generation that remembers.

Almost exclusively the great religious prophet is of this type. He is so close to God that the world (which is so far from Him) cannot understand him. His whole being is adjusted to the environment of God. This leads, as it did with Jesus, to a curious result. When adjusted to the environment of God, the man so adjusted does not feel out of place in the world; on the contrary, he finds himself in deeper sympathy with those around him,—moved to wider compassion, to more varied friendships, to a fuller, richer human life. And simple people realize and accept this. "The common people heard him gladly." But the more sophisticated, conscious of a difference, and perhaps dimly conscious that the balance of goodness is not in their favor, will have none of him; and, varying with the varied customs of the ages, the lot of the great religious leaders, men overflowing with good will towards their fellows, is the scourge and the crown of thorns.

There is a good reason for this. The religious teacher, from the very nature of his task, deals with ultimate things. His quest, if he be genuine, is no less than the Kingdom of Heaven. How can he avoid being at odds with much that is accepted in

the world? How can he help setting forth a way of life that seems to complacent, well-adjusted people, quixotic and dangerous? Undoubtedly his way of life is, if the world be not changed, quixotic; and the prophet of God is always dangerous, to institutions bedded in foundations of iniquity, to customs built on compromise with sin.

The fate of Jesus is typical of all. With Him, the process of rejection has been practically continuous. The doctrine which He taught is revolutionary, not merely in His own but in every age. The naked truth of it has kept it alive (humanity is a soil, however unfavorable, in which the seed of truth, once planted, does not die); and its hope and beauty have endeared it to men avid of hope and hungry for lasting beauty. But Jesus has never had on earth His fit environment, nor has any age yet dawned which in some sense does not crucify Him. "Of whom the world was not and is not worthy."

There are two ways in which the world from age to age has rejected Jesus. One has been by a deliberate turning away from His teachings,—by making no attempt to give Him place, and to order life in accordance with His principles. This is the more direct way.

The other way is indirect and far more common. In place of endeavoring to make an environment to fit Jesus, men are always trying to make Him fit the environment which they have. In this connection the incidents connected with His triumphal

entry to Jerusalem are instructive. This was the final attempt of His contemporaries to adjust Jesus to the thought and attitude of their time. It was an attempt to fit Jesus into the regular, orthodox Jewish conception of Messiah. When it became apparent that His conception of it was very different and decidedly unorthodox, how quickly the hosannas died down! Nor do we hear of palm branches spread before His path to the hill called Golgotha, that is to say,—the place of the skull. Palm Sunday shows what might have been in Christ's own time had He been in time with its thought,—worthy of His world as it was. The week which follows gives the tragic picture of what really happened, in a world unworthy of Him.

The Palm Sunday attempt to "regularize" Jesus is one that has been made ever since. He had scarcely risen from the tomb when the thought of the second coming rose too, in the minds of men who could not understand except in their set forms of thought; and with the assurance that the life He had tried on earth was only preparatory and that He would come again in the good old orthodox way, they were ready to believe once more.

Present-day interest in Christ's second coming, so strong in many sections of the Christian church, grows out of the same desire. It is refuge for pessimism. Men cannot believe that men will ever bring, out of present chaos and confusion, the life of good will which Jesus taught; they cannot relate

Him to any world that they can picture; so they clutch at the straw contained in the Jewish hope of a miraculous coming, of a new heaven and of a new earth, won without their effort. Only thus can they fit Jesus, and the hope of Jesus, into their cosmos. It is a refuge; but, especially in our time, how cowardly a refuge!

Much of the history of Christian institutions has a like background. The Church early set Jesus on a throne, and developed a mighty organization to make regular and orderly His relations with men; and this Christ, crowned and sceptered with kingly glory, was perfectly adapted to a feudal environment, but it was not Jesus; and the world to which it had made Him conform was not worthy of Him.

Is it the fate of Jesus, then, to drift through countless ages, finding none that will welcome Him, until the great change in human society, which seems so far away, shall come?

Such is not, and never has been the fate of Jesus or of the real prophets of God. Hopeless though the Elijah of any age may be, there are always a seven thousand, or a seventy times seven thousand, left in Israel, whose knees have not bowed unto Baal and whose lips have not kissed him.

Theologians and the Church in general and many modern social theorists have been mistaken in thinking that Jesus must have a proper social environment for expression of His ideal. In His lifetime He found, and in the generations since He has found,

a congenial environment on earth even when the world was most unworthy of Him. That environment is the simple heart of His sincere followers. Just as in the short days of His ministry He went from the doctors and those learned in the law to the home of Mary and Martha and their simple faith, so to-day His spirit finds its home in many a faithful heart. Back in the primitive regions of the earth, where men and women can scarcely spell the golden letters of His gospel; deep in the city slums, where purest flowers of character develop amidst the ruin of human hopes; scattered through the myriad homes of men, with all their contrasts of evil and of good, are hearts where Jesus, and the high principles which His name symbolizes, find their places.

Though the world ever rejects those of whom it is really most unworthy, yet those whom it rejects leave their message to kindle new human hopes. And there, in an endless chain of living hearts, touched with the spirit of Christ, or with the spirit of any of those of whom the world was not worthy, is the world's real hope. There, more than in any church, or institution, or society, is the fruit or His and their leadership, and the promise of the triumph of the good. Who that has ever touched such hearts, or heard, ever so faintly, the voice of God speaking through one of His saints, can doubt that some day men will make of their world a place worthy of Christ?

XVII

THE RACE PROBLEM

Clarence MacKinnon
D.D.

Principal Clarence MacKinnon was born in Nova Scotia, and received his academic training at Dalhousie University and Pine Hill Theological College, Halifax. His outstanding pastorate was at Central Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg, where his rare charm and attractiveness for young men and his great influence over them first broke into flower. He left that post to become principal of Pine Hill College, in succession to Principal (now Sir Robert) Falconer, and has discharged those duties with high distinction. The greatest of the many honors bestowed upon him was the election to the Moderator's chair in the General Assembly of 1924.

When the story of his life is written, however, it is extremely likely that it will be set down that his greatest power was not as an educational administrator, but as a preacher. To the pulpit he brings a wide knowledge of books, a searching understanding of the hearts of men, and a happy combination of the evangelical and humanistic spirits that inevitably paves the way for the writing of the truth he speaks upon the hearts of his hearers. Perhaps the next turn of the wheel of fate will bring Dr. MacKinnon again into the regular pastorate,—an event which, while it would rob educational circles of a truly great leader, would confer upon some community the inestimable boon of the presence in its midst of a soul-gripping interpreter of the Christian faith.

XVII

THE RACE PROBLEM

CLARENCE MACKINNON, D.D.
PRINCIPAL, PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, HALIFAX, N. S.

Col. iii : 11. "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all in all."

I

When Thales, the father of Greek philosophy, picked up a piece of yellow amber, rubbed it with his cloak, and was surprised to find that for a few moments afterwards his garment clung to it, he little suspected that he was toying with a strange and subtle force, that three thousand years afterwards was to impose upon the patience and wisdom of mankind one of the most stupendous practical problems that it has ever been called upon to solve. Thales simply believed that in everything there was a soul; and as he rubbed the amber again, and the cloth once more bent toward it, he concluded that he had rudely awakened some strangely imprisoned spirit, which with characteristic instinct had begun to reach out again for the things of this forgotten

life. But awed as the Greek philosopher undoubtedly was by this mysterious phenomenon, his amazement would have been tenfold increased, had he really understood its true significance, and had he been able to foresee the revolutionary part it would one day play in the history of the world. The Greek word for amber was "electron"; and the subtle force that he had stirred by friction was electricity; and electricity to-day is adding enormously to the powers and responsibilities of man, and is changing the face of the entire earth. It has bridged oceans, spanned continents, laughed at international boundaries, scorned sentinels and censors, and has spread its viewless whisper over the surface of the globe. The American schoolboy on his radio hears a faint voice from far-off Japan. Captain MacMillan, in the deep silence of the Arctic night and surrounded by the white expanse of the dreary ice-floe, is suddenly stirred by rich floods of melody from the crowded concert hall, and when the music ceases, by a welcome voice, "Captain MacMillan, a message from home."

We can no longer live apart. Every new electrical appliance, every further improvement in transportation, every fresh railway track laid down, every better equipped ocean "greyhound" that takes the sea, and every novel discovery of the mysterious forces that play around us, is drawing mankind the closer together. We cannot live apart, and yet we are racially distinct, with inherited masses of antip-

athies, prejudices, hostile "complexes," and conflicting interests. We cannot escape the narrow confines of this overcrowded planet. We must learn to live together, and we must learn to do so amicably, if the human race is to survive. This we take to be the most serious challenge of modern times, and the solution of this problem the crowning achievement of our civilization.

The Race Problem is at heart ethical, rather than scientific, and so a challenge to the Christian Church.

True, the biologist beckons us into his laboratory, and hints at a revolutionary discovery that startles us. He traces a diagram of the human frame, and points to a little body "about the size of a ripe cherry, attached to the base of the brain, and cradled in the floor of the skull." It is called the pituitary body. That ductless gland, he informs us, is very possibly the physical organ by means of which racial characteristics are transmitted. Other glands doubtless assist, but the pituitary seems to be the chief. Like the headquarters of some secret service it sends forth its curious hormones and utters its imperative commands. It determines the height of the stature, the texture of skin, the color of the eyes, the cast of features, and fixes the racial peculiarities of the child. If the pituitary authorities say to the growing lad, "Halt," it is vain for the anxious mother to strive after another cubit to his stature, halt the lad must.

What curious possibilities this startling asser-

tion, if true, must awaken for the speculative mind! Suppose our clever scientists should learn some day to control this pituitary body, or to find a substitute for its secretion, as they have done for the human thyroid gland; suppose that they can master the power to make the figure tall or short, blonde or brunette, frizzly or straight-haired, as they desire, what new problems will face the proud mother of the future! How carefully she will scan the fashion sheets, not to find the newest costume from Paris, but the latest suggestion in human figures and characteristics! And how puzzled the school trustees of the future will be to fit up laboratories to meet the varying caprices of the leaders of society!

That strange day, of course, may never come, yet amid the astounding triumphs of the present age, who would be so bold as to impose absolute limits upon the progress and achievements of Science? But should that day ever come, should Science discover the alchemy that would convert a Mr. Hyde into a Dr. Jekyll, the racial problem would not be at an end, the struggle for supremacy would still persist. Germany would only build the larger laboratories to manufacture her battalions of giants, and the French toil to produce an army of Titans with which to withstand the onset of the German giants.

The solution then does not lie in more amazing scientific discoveries, but in a moral change in the intents and aims of the nations of the world, so that,

whatever new powers the future may bring, the various races will strive no longer for their own selfish aggrandisement, but for a more universal ideal "where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all."

II

Two *conflicting ethical theories*, however, confront us.

(a) *The Naturalistic.*

The first of these, not without support in many a college and indeed on many a throne, is the naturalistic one. It is based on the great biological discovery of Darwin that in the living world there is a fierce struggle for existence and a survival only of the fittest. Its motto is

> "The good old rule, the simple plan
> Let him take who has the might
> And let him keep who can."

Its illustration is found in all history.

Fifty thousand years ago on the ribbon of grass between the Alps and the receding glacier lived the Neanderthal man, weird, rough, hairy, savage, with his deep guttural growl. Tools he had and weapons. He knew the advantages and possibly the perils of

fire. He was not our ancestor. His thumb was not human, nor the prongs on his teeth, nor the shape of his protruding neck, nor his shambling gait. When forty years were sped, the old man, the ruler of his tribe, his teeth broken, his natural strength decayed, was eyed with cunning ferocity by some ambitious scion of his household. We are reminded that the same melodrama is often repeated to-day, but in more elegant fashion. The victim is presented with a gold-headed cane and an illuminated address, and while his slow mind is still dazed by the unaccustomed flatteries, he is quietly backed off the stage, and his more astute competitor proceeds to occupy his place. It was done with less "kultur" among the Neanderthal men. The new aspirant to regal honors watched his opportunity, swung his stone hatchet deftly above his head, cleft the skull of the old man, and reigned in his stead.

The drawback of this Darwinian method is that the conquerer himself is doomed. The struggle never ends. Lurking in the shadow there is a watcher waiting for him. For incalculable years the Neanderthal race beheld the sun rise and set, saw the full tide fill the intervals and ebb again, and heard the midnight storm tear its wild way through the forest. But at length from the North of Africa, or the bed of the Mediterranean, or the Southwest of Asia, came another people with larger brain, nobler qualities, and keener weapons. This time they

were true men like ourselves. These two races met in the dim twilight of the primeval forest; there was no parley, no marriage, no need of a "Ne temere" decree, they locked in mortal conflict, and when the strife was over, the skull of the last Neanderthal man lay cleft upon the sod, and his race had vanished forever.

But still the struggle did not cease. The victors were split into two great divisions: the one, the Nordic, fair-haired, blue-eyed, tall, sullen, introspective, morbid, with a tendency to suicide, the ancestor of the Scandinavian, the Teuton, the Englishman, the Norman; the other, the Mediterranean, dark-white, short, active, sociable, bright, living in villages, quick in temper, and if prompted to kill, given to homicide; the ancestor of the aboriginal tribes that peopled the sunny shores of that historic inland sea. All through the long and stormy history of Europe these different peoples have murdered and destroyed each other. Their wars, the naturalist declares, are not due to opposing political ambitions, nor the conflicting interests of trade. They are due to a deep-rooted racial antagonism, for which there is no cure. No League of Nations can supply the remedy, no fraternal sentiment avert the tragedy. The fight must be prolonged to a finish, when the race will be to the swift and the battle to the strong. Even then the respite will be but for a moment and then another bitter conflict must ensue.

Bella, horrida bella,
Et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.
"Wars, horrid wars
And the Tyber foaming with much blood I see."

What a dismal, hopeless, discouraging outlook for the human race! Is it for this that skill and Science and Art have built the noble fabric of our civilization, only to immerse it at last in irretrievable horror and ruin?

(b) *The Christian.*

It is with intense relief that we turn from this dark outlook to welcome the beam of hope that comes from the Light of the world. Jesus' method is the very reverse of the Naturalistic. It appeals to no armaments, and inflames no passions. It is founded on the Golden Rule, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." It requires that we should extend the same courtesy and kindness to the black man, the yellow man, or the red man, that we should like to receive at his hands. Before its genial spirit armies and navies melt away, the sword becomes the ploughshare and the spear the pruninghook, "the war drum throbs no longer and the battleflags are furled."

To the ordinary wayfarer through this rough and tumble world this Golden Rule of our Lord may

seem very beautiful and very idealistic, but quite impracticable. He has lived in no cloistered seclusion, he has had to push his way through competitors that fought him, he cherishes no illusions about the Chinaman or the Jap, and he is of opinion that we might as well attempt to *lasso* a raging tiger with a silken cord as strive to tame the passions of the warlike heart by the teaching of such a gentle maxim.

Yet how often it is that the quiet spirit and the neglected factor achieve the most revolutionary results. The visitor to Ottawa in 1903 who entered the Capital of our Dominion for the first time would doubtless gaze with delighted eye on the beautiful and artistic city, its natural scenery, its rivers, its parks, its libraries, its parliament building; he would listen with quickened interest to the public questions that agitated the mind of the country at that time. But the most important event for Canada that was taking place in Ottawa that year, he would hear nothing about; no one beyond a single individual seemed to haye the least concern in it. Dr. Saunders of the agricultural department had blended some Red Fife with some Hard Red Calcutta wheat. That was all. But the result of the experiment was the famous Marquis variety, the hardiest in the world, the most nutritious, the most serviceable, pushing the line of human habitation further North, producing in 1917 two hundred and fifty million bushels, in 1918 three hundred million, providing

one of the most prominent factors that secured victory for the Allies in the Great World War. And during 1904-5 all that existed of it could have been contained in an ordinary envelope!

I wonder if 1900 years ago, when the roads of the Roman Empire were dusty with the rush of military chariots, and the tread of heavily armed cohorts resounded along the highways of the world, if some imperial officer dreaming of some new nation to trample beneath his horses' hoofs, as he hurried by, had observed upon the hillside a man in peasant garments, saying to a little group in peasant garments, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." These words and the coming of Him who uttered them, form the unique event of all the centuries. Slowly, quietly, but effectively the spirit of these words is taking possession of the conscience and judgment of mankind. Before their irresistible conviction the shackles have fallen from the limbs of the slave, the oppressed races have been freed, the rights of the weak have been maintained, and the earth is being transformed from a prison house into a paradise of God. These words and the Golden Rule and whole teaching and life of our Lord hold the future in their power. They can

solve our problem, they can conquer our racial antipathies, they can tame the cruel passions of the human heart. Let us believe them, let us proclaim them, above all let us live them. Let us "put off the old man with his deeds," and let us "put on the new man which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him: where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all."

XVIII

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE

J. R. P. Sclater
D.D.

The close ties which bind Canada to the Motherland make it happily possible for our national life to be from time to time enriched by the advent of outstanding figures in old-world circles. The coming of Dr. Sclater two years ago has already proved itself a genuine enrichment of our life, and one that must increase in power as the passing years bring more intimate acquaintance. Dr. Sclater is of English parentage and Manchester birth. His university was Cambridge, where, in addition to being editor of the *Review*, he had the high distinction of election to the presidency of the Cambridge Union. After graduation in theology at Westminster, Cambridge, he served the church for five years in Derby. That post he resigned in 1907 to become pastor of the historic New North Church, Edinburgh, in succession to John Kelman. Here he inherited the responsibilities of the great work among students which, in their day, Henry Drummond and Kelman had carried on with such success, and in his hands its high traditions were more than maintained. After sixteen years of service there, he came to Canada, and is now settled in Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto. His published work is voluminous, the best known being a book of sermons, *The Enterprise of Life*, a really great biography of John Cairns, and an interpretation of Meredith's poems under the caption, *Sons of Strength*. Out of his experiences as an army chaplain came two volumes, the first a collection of addresses given to his battalion, and the second, written in collaboration with Norman McLean, a book of essays entitled *God and the Soldier*.

To his preaching he brings a mind that sweeps wide horizons and sets the fundamental Christian principles against a world background. Such a message as his cannot fail to reach the hearts of thoughtful men, and a perusal of his sermons quickly explains his recognized place as a true prophet of the larger life to the new day.

XVIII

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE

J. R. P. Sclater, D.D.
OLD ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, TORONTO

Habakkuk ii:20. "*The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.*"

If it is not safe to bring an indictment against a nation, it is equally undesirable to do so against a generation. Generalizations frequently possess that mistiness which is the mother of unwisdom. Consequently, we should not lightly accept those sweeping denunciations of our own age, which are the easy stock-in-trade of some pulpiteers: for the subsequent event so often proves them untrue. For instance, the youth of Britain was, by a certain type of moralist, universally declared to be decadent and unvirile immediately before the war: and then, gaily and chivalrously, it proceeded, in Gallipoli and in France, to give the cheerful lie to its detractors. Since then, a cautious hesitation in passing universal critical judgments has been the renewed characteristic of wise men.

Nevertheless, ages, generations, periods have their

distinctive notes, either negative or positive. They possess, or lack, qualities in a greater or less degree. While the differences between them are quantitative rather than qualitative, they exist and are discernible: and it is part of the task of spiritual guides to discern them. If a ministry is to be prophetic, it must be able to perceive the moral essentials of the present, with a view alike to warning and encouragement. And, in these present days, our observers, anxious for the betterment of humanity, declare that they perceive clearly a diminution of reverence,—and particularly in those sections of society which ought to hold the high evangelic thought of God. Protestantism, they tell us, is not as still in the presence of the mysteries as it used to be. It has tended to forget that God is the Most High, inhabiting eternity, whose Name is holy. It does not veil its face before the Ineffable Light: but swings along, lightly, carelessly, in a world from which awfulness has been removed. If that be true—if that be one of the "essentials of the present"—things are serious, and it is high time that the people should know and should consider. For the nation that is light-minded towards God will die.

I

It has been observed, and that truly, that reverence is not inborn in men, but, like other moral faculties, has to be won and cultivated. The cheer-

ful, and often illuminating, comments of children about their Maker, supports the view. It may not be true that all children are born liars and thieves, as a depressed father once put it—although the Westminster Divines seem cordially to agree: but it is certainly true that they do not as a rule speak of God as if He were the awful mystery, but rather as if He were a not very awesome puzzle. "What were you learning about at Sunday School?" a small boy was once asked. "Oh! God, as usual," said he—dismissing the subject with a bored wave of his hand. "I suppose God holds up the stars by bits of string," said another, "He must get tired of doing it." Similar comments have, no doubt, occurred in most families: and parents generally will agree that reverence comes, if it comes at all, with adolescence. And the practical point for us all is that we, the grown-up children, are of a breed not naturally reverent: and that all our days we have to cultivate the reverential habit as part of our moral education. We must steadily face the mountains' gloom and the mountains' glory: we must call to mind the high and lofty place: we must gaze upon the solemnity of the endless generations: we must lift grave eyes to the Throne on which sits our Maker and our Judge: that at last we may be able to say with the spirit and with the understanding also, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory."

II

No department of moral and spiritual development is easy: life as a whole is no feather bed for sluggards to lie in. And, if we are to learn reverence, we must study the process, and observe how God Himself is instructing us therein. We soon discover that there is a kind of reverential scale; and that we have not rightly related ourselves to the thought of God, until we have perceived and assented to the demands for reverence which are made from us in at least three directions.

(a) In the first place we are asked to be still before that which is above us—to vastness, and to the Mind that is behind vastness.

If it be true that this is an irreverent age, it is a fact singularly difficult to explain. Whatever science has done for man, or failed to do, we might have imagined that it would have produced a mental attitude full of awe. For it has shown us that "the jungle is large and the cub he is small: let him think and be still." The frontiers of the universe have been pushed back with such fearfulness: the long light-years stretch out so awesomely: wannesses in the sky that men once thought vague vapors are known to be unmeasured systems of stars: the very earth itself, poor little fragment of a fragment, is so inconceivably hoary, with its billions of years of circling round its sun—and man, gossamer

atom of life, what is man that God is mindful of him? It is conceivable that when a mortal contemplates vastness, it may become despairing: but irreverent, you would say, never. For this universal might so grips and masters him: flings him up into life, ordains his path, gladdens him and wounds him, sustains him; until at last he is flung back into the night whence he is come. Who may stand beneath a Canadian summer sky, and look up at the "stars upon stars, with their innumerable streaming," and not find awe descending upon him and enveloping him as a garment?

And, then, when the thought takes a step further and permits itself to remember the Mind that is behind the worlds, what shred of his easiness and complacency can be left? For the ordered might that is seen in the hosts of heaven is but a sign and expression of the might that is in the Mind that ordains and controls. Ah! God, God, God—hidden, awful, supreme—far beyond our ken, yet with whom we have to do in the temple of conscience—God of all might and all majesty—Author and Sovereign Lord of all, have pity: be compassionate: and aid Thine earth that it may keep silence before Thee.

(b) Secondly, we must learn to be still before that which is around us—before the God that is manifest in the hearts of our friends.

It may sound cynical to admit it, but most of us will agree that our early belief in the frequency of

rich and deep friendships is a delusion. Many people, it may even be maintained, pass through life without even knowing the splendor and the peace that true friendship brings. If that be so, it is one of the saddest commentaries on human imperfection. For every human spirit, we must believe, is capable of love: and there is something sorely wrong with a society which contains so many starved hearts. Those, however, to whom real friendship has come will know one thing: they will know that an element in their attitude to their friend is reverence for him. They may perceive his faults clearly, and even bemoan his weakness: but, with all that, there is a something in him before which they stand with uncovered head. And that something is the God in him. Friendship has unlocked a secret door, and opened it enough to give a glimpse of a hidden temple and a wondrous Indweller.

Now, that which love shows us in the heart of the beloved is there in all our fellows. And we do not reverence God rightly till we reverence Him in the being that He has made in His own image. But, on the other hand, when we perceive our acquaintance, including the Dr. Fells among them, as temples of God, our whole attitude then changes. Reverence can be the seed-pod of Christian love. Criticism, censoriousness, malice and uncharitableness sink away: compassion and helpfulness take their place: and these bring out the goodness that is latent: and that, in its turn, creates love—whose

reign is thus begun. And, then, no more starved hearts: for the indwelling love that is in all will embrace each.

One of the "treasures of darkness," which the war uncovered for us, was the incalculable heroism of apparently unheroic hearts. Everyone will be able to provide their own illustrations: but one that struck some of us very vividly was that of a Scottish battalion that shared in that inconceivable, original landing in Gallipoli. It was composed of the precise type of youth, who was declared to be invertebrate, and adept only at the consumption of cigarettes and at watching other people playing games. But when the time came, these same lads wore their wounds like roses. And the point is that they were the same people who previously were alleged to be so careful of comfort and insistent on pleasure. But, at the call, the heroic within leapt forth, "pale, resolute, prepared to die, which means alive at last."

Wherein, surely, is comfort: wherein, certainly, is a call to revere. Behind that unpromising exterior there dwells a soul; and in that soul exist powers which are of God—which, indeed, express God in that man. Our business is to keep that fact ever before our minds: and, never any more, call any man common or unclean.

(c) Thirdly, and consequently, we need to reverence that which seems to be beneath.

One of the most venerable and beloved figures in the Scottish Church in the last century was Dr.

John Cairns. For many years before he became a theological Principal in Edinburgh, he was minister at Berwick: and afterwards he frequently returned to preach in his old pulpit. Great occasions they were for his people and for the town: for it was given to him to wield his power over the hearts of those that knew him. In connection with one of these visits, a very lovely thing happened, which has been recorded for us by his successor, who witnessed it himself.

On the Monday morning, Dr. Cairns was being driven to the station by an ostler, who was a notorious ne-er-do-well. He had given his friends much anxiety, and maybe one of them had spoken to the Principal. At any rate, he used the last moment or two, before the train started, to pleading with the ostler, that he might take a thought and mend. Along the platform they went together, the Principal, with his towering height and massive face, bending down to speak to the shuffling, bent figure beside him. At the end, when they were alone, they stopped and, as he continued to plead, suddenly the old minister did a strange thing. He took off his hat. He stood there, the wind from the sea playing with his falling white locks, instinctively bareheaded before a wastrel. Why? Ah! John Cairns had reverenced God a long time: and he reverenced Him now in the heart of that man. Before the possibility of that sinner's splendor, he bared his head.

To that attitude we must reach up: and then, based upon the highest reverence, our Christian work will be one unfailing hope. No more scorn, no more condemning: but only passion that the God in men may be set free.

III

Brethren, after this manner also is the reverence of the Lord. In each of these attitudes of soul, He is the perfect example. Does He think of God? Then "Hallowed be His Name." Does He look at His friend? Why, then, behind that unstable, warm-hearted, here-today-and-there-tomorrow character of Peter, He discerns the rock-like strength on which He shall build His Church. Does He regard the fallen and the outcast? The whole, glad story of His living and His dying is evidence of an amazing divine reverence for, and belief in, humanity at its worst. Speak up, Zacchæus: declare it, Mary Magdalene: proclaim it, Man of Gadara, how Jesus saw kings and priests in you!

And we—we have Him to reverence, who unveils the mercy that is in the heart of vastness, the source from which all goodness flows. We see from His head, His hands, His feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down. We stand there at gaze: and the astonishment of it all holds us. "And I looked up and beheld . . . and I fell at His feet as dead."

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